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For Ladies and Gentlemen

Music Is Not Merely Entertainment: It Is Also Medicine

I LIKE grand opera music, and dislike grand opera.

In the first place, grand opera costs too much.

In the second place, it seems to me a hybrid art. Acting and singing no more belong together—for me—than reading and dancing. The acting of a play or the action of a story carries me along with it. I can surrender myself to the illusion: identify myself with the characters and forget everything in my interest in their affairs.

But it is simply beyond me to feel any illusion concerning a love scene between two supposedly passionate young lovers, when the parts are sung by a burly Italian man and a burly Italian woman, both over forty years old and more than forty stone in weight.

The only way I can enjoy the acting of opera is to close my eyes.

Furthermore, I like to be able to start my opera and stop it when I want to; to smoke if I like, or lie down if I like; and, finally, to be able to leave when I get ready, without feeling that I am losing any money by doing so.

In other words, I like my opera on a machine.

Music is not merely entertainment: it is medicine.

Pythagoras, who lived many hundred years ago, discovered that. He was able to work wonders in cases of violent insanity with no other remedy than soothing music.

Esquirol, the celebrated French alienist, said: "Music acts most powerfully on the physical and moral nature, and I use it constantly in mental disease. It soothes and calms the patient's mind, and, though it may not cure, it is a most precious agent and ought not to be neglected."

Gladstone, attacked by his occasional periods of nervous exhaustion, would have his favorite hymns sung to him.

Herbert Spencer, when neuralgia laid him low, would lie down and order soft music played, and invariably obtained relief.

And I, in my humble fashion, have the same experience.

I like to go home in the evening before dinner, and lie down for half an hour and listen to my favorite music.

If I need stimulation, there are stimulating pieces; if relaxation, there are selections that relax; if sleep, there are songs that carry one over pleasant pastures and lay him down under fragrant apple trees to peaceful slumber.

Music is a mental and spiritual massage, or a bracing cold shower bath, according to what you select. I personally do not care to take my spiritual massage in the Metropolitan Opera House, any more than I would care to have my hair cut in Madison Square Garden.

Every child should grow up in a home where music is constantly played. Every experience of a happy youth should have some particular song bound up with it, so that the playing of that song in after life will reawaken that experience and cause it to be lived again.

I can never hear Handel's "Largo" without living over one of the quiet Sundays of my boyhood, because it was played in our house almost every Sunday.

"Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," brings back a memory to me that is peculiarly intimate and peculiarly sweet. There are a hundred favorites—each calling its own particular bit of grand opera back into my memory—a fragment of the opera of my own life.

Do not deny your child the blessed ministry of music. It is one of the rarest gifts of God.

Sweeten his soul with it. Perhaps you may even be able to teach him to love opera. If not, you can at least teach him to love music in his own home.

And he will be in good company. That is the way the prophet Elisha liked his music. Of him it is written that, when driven to utter weariness by the perplexities of his business, he would cry:

"But now bring me a minstrel.

"And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him."

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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Time—and the Wind-Up

By MARY SYNON

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

THERE is a place, even outside heaven, where down-and-outers return. Not in the flowing white robes of regeneration, but in the festive raiment of older and gayer years, redolent of moth-balls and of moth-balls, men and women who were left at the post in bygone runnings come back to the grandstands of the race meets. Out of the God-knows-where country of oblivion they slip in once in a while to haunts that knew them in the days of their glory.

Sometimes, if the years of their absence be too many, they saunter through the paddock in solitary loneliness, spectors of the past, traditional and aloof as days of Maud S. and the Picket; but there are other times when they flash on the scene with the flare of famous comets, blazing for a moment in the firmament of their universe. That was the way Sally Gates came to Hawthorne.

Brilliant in a cerise gown of a seven years gone vintage, with her over-trimmed, tawdry hat tilted at an angle of a past season's fashion, with carmined cheeks and flaunting steps, she strode down an aisle of the stand on the Saturday after the Derby had put back Hawthorne on a map from which a reform wave had once removed it. Indifferent to the glances from the undercurrent crowd, scornful of the swift recognition of women in the boxes, defiant of the quick whisper that followed her passing of the press tables, she clove her way past the band and down into the old betting ring.

As well as if she heard the comments, Sally Gates knew the trail of gossip that surged in her wake, recollections of the Washington Park days when she had been Sally Wells of the extravagances, Sally of the lilting songs, Sally of the splendid gowns and the many jewels, Sally of the tragic end drags, Sally of Oh smiles, with a ruthless of admirers as long as a three-eighths pedigree. All too surely, as she ran the gauntlet, she sensed the whirl of reminiscence that rose in the lee of her passing—remembrances of her elopement with Joe Gates on the night after he had fought Young Wickam and won the middle-weight championship title, remembrances of their daring escapades, of their reckless exploits, of their mad gamblings, of their rows and reconciliations, and of the intimate crash that tore them asunder and made Violet King the second Mrs. Gates.

SHE knew that men were asking one another what had become of Joe Gates. She knew that women whom she had entertained at Joe's far-famed parties were questioning what her life had been in the years since they had eaten of her salt. She knew that her very appearance was a question-mark against the blazing glare of the July sunshine. But, with the old instinct for the upstage center, Sally Gates, facing the less flamboyant for her fashionless isolation, faced the paddock crowd.

Her eyes, ringed by circles of weariness and worry, stared out over groups of men whose tense inaction hinted of stakes outside the law. An old sense of observation, long dormant in her brain, awoke to reveal to her that, for all the Illinois statutes, betting was going on. Her gaze, focusing upon a quartet of men near the rail, lighted as she recognized among them a man taller, keener of eye than his companions—Pat Mangan of the Williams books.

To him, through a crowd that parted before the urgency of her speed, Sally Gates went.

For an instant she had to meet his straight look. Then his eyes softened and he held out his hand.

"You're good luck, Sally," he said, with a smile that blurred the sharpness from his forceful face.

Under its sudden friendliness Sally Gates gulped down an emotion that the mere sight of the old game had not aroused in her. She mumbled a word of thanks, and, conscious of the scrutiny of the other men, drew Mangan aside.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked him.

"Go ahead," he bade her.

"I've got to bet, Pat." Her hands tightened on her shabby purse. "I've got to win a stake right away quick. I know you're all playing out here, but I don't know the ropes, and I've a tip, a good tip, on the Merchant's. I want to put up forty on *Lemox*."

"Why Lemox?"

"He's going to win—and I must win to-day. Do you suppose I'd come here, in front of all the old crowd, in these rags, if I didn't need the money?"

"I'll be glad to lend you—"

"I don't want loans. I never borrowed, did I? I can take care of myself most of the time; but I must have a bunch of money to-night."

"What have you been doing, Sally? I've looked for you every meet, all the way from Sheepshead to Oakland. Somebody told me you'd gone to England after Joe lost the Baker City mill."

"England?" She laughed—got as Sally Wells had been wont to laugh, but with a strangled, twisted sound that voiced long bitterness. "I had a fat chance. Somebody must have thought I'd been salting my alimony while Joe was holding the championship. Do you know what I've been doing, Pat?" She held up her hands till he saw how gnarled and coarsened they were. "Not like the hands that wore Joe's diamonds, are they? I've washed and ironed and scrubbed with those hands since I met you last. I'm keeping a rooming-house over on Dearborn Avenue for my living."

"I can't take your money," Mangan said. "I'll take money from the sports and the suckers and the wise guys; but I won't take it from women who have to work like that to earn it."

"You've got to!" Her voice rang in desperation. "I can't put it up myself. I don't know the new boys, and they don't know me. And I must win!"

"But, Sally—"

"Wouldn't you do it for Joe?"

"You know that—"

"You're doing it for Joe if you do it for me. Listen to me, Pat. You know Joe's ways. You know him when he came here from Indiana, a raw little country kid, with his big eyes and his funny smile, and his rumpled hair. Do you remember the night when Big Jack Freeman brought him to the party at the Richelieu, and he paid the bill with his last cent because I was there? That was Joe all the time. Nobody else could pay for anything while he had a cent. And you know that Violet King never helped any man to save."

"He shouldn't have married her, Sally. You shouldn't have let him go."

"Don't you suppose I know that? I was a fool—a silly, mad, crazy fool to fling him over just because he happened to look twice at her. I threw him at her, and I know it. It serves me right. But that don't help anything."

"I met him at Saratoga five years ago."

"Were you talking to him?"

"Sure. He was talking about you."

"What'd he say?"

"I can't take it, Pat,' she said. 'You're just giving me this. I didn't win it.' Pat Mangan looked her squarely in the eyes. 'You won it,' he told her."

"Nothing much. He was saying that he'd lost the fight with Kinnaire because he hadn't trained, and he said that he'd have had to train if you'd been running the show."

"Did he say that?" Her eyes moistened. "He's had an awful time, Pat. She never knew how to take care of him, even when he had money. And, now that he's broke, and sick, how do you suppose that yellow-haired, white-faced doll baby can look after him?"

"Where is he, Sally?"

"He's been out in Arizona for three years."

"Sick?"

"Yes."

She looked around at the groups in the

ring, then brought back her stare to Pat Mangan.

"You know as well as I do, Pat," she said slowly, "that there never was one of the boys who thought of the rainy day. Joe never saved any money. He didn't know how to save, and I never taught him, any more'n she's taught him. Do you remember the fight in Virginia three years ago? Well, Joe smashed that night. They told him that he had one chance—Arizona. She wrote me after every one she turned them down cold. I sent her the money to take them there, and I've been sending them the money to keep him out there in the sunshine. But he's coming back to-night. They've called time on him, and he's coming back to—to die. There's no hope. The doctors gave him two weeks, and he asked them to send him back East. He'll be in to-night at eight.

"I sent her—that viper who took him from me—the money to bring him. It's all I had then, but I've got this now, and I'm going to double it twice, so that I'll have enough to keep them with me. That's all I want—just the wind-up. But I must have that, and I must have him! I'll hire somebody to take care of the house, so's I can be with him all the time. It's such a little while, Pat, and you know I've never had any one else. Ain't you going to be my friend—for the sake of the old times?"

"Sure." His keen eyes shifted away from her face, overflushed beneath the rouge, and stealthily viewed the ring. "Give me your program," he told her. "I'll set it down." But, with his pencil over the name of her choice, he hesitated. "What makes you think Lenox is a straight tip?"

"Ellis told me. I met him on the train."

Mangan's eyebrows lifted. "He ought to know," he said shortly. "He owns the dark horse in the Merchant's. Nose, hock, or tail?"

"Nose. He's a sure thing, Pat."

"Maybe," said Pat Mangan.

The doubt in his tone struck her for an instant, but under cover of her purse she slipped her money into his hand.

"Here goes for luck," she tried to laugh, but the laugh quavered perilously near to a sob.

THERE was a sagging in the shoulders of the coming gown as she went up the stairs to the grand-stand seats. For there had come to her the poignant memory of the last time she had wagered with Pat, the May-time afternoon at Churchill Downs when Joe, victorious from his New Orleans encounter with O'Malley, had played like a boy out of school. The thought of Joe Gates as the vivid, eager, restless champion of that time—the man whom she had loved in spite of all his faults, perhaps because of some of them—blotted out the newer picture of him that she had been striving to draw from her knowledge of his weakness and his weariness. The memory flared Sally's eyes with hot tears of sorrow. Lest any one might glimpse her emotion, she slipped into the nearest seat to the stairway and gazed outward over the track.

Like an ochre ribbon it girdled the green, an oval of promise that set her heart beating faster and dried her brimming tears as she stared upon its smooth surface. Dimly she grew aware of the thrill of excitement that permeated the crowd. Bit by bit she began to pick out the familiar spots and the familiar faces. Motor-cars purred now where gay equipages had been wont to stand; but, scattered among boxes and rows of chairs, remembered figures arose.

There was Williston of the Oakdale stables, and Courtney of the Belcourt. Panama Peggy, resplendent in white and yellow silk, with a leghorn hat that concealed her years, was sauntering across the track with Faulmore, who had once been Joe's manager. Letty Faulkau, married now to Braydon, and hardened into a curious caricature of her one-time beauty, scanned the stand with upraised lorgnette. Around Big Lester Kelso of the Dendiet stud and Frank Wakely of Saratoga stood a group of women, with Doris Elton among them.

Every one of them brought back to Sally Gates some memory of happier days, some thought of the time when she and Joe had led the riotous crowd of youthful dare-devils. Her very nearness to them, beyond the gulf of failure and poverty that she might not bridge, emphasized her misery and kept her oblivious of the races before the Merchant's.

The raucous cry of a vender of ginger pop, passing in front of her, roused her from her memories. She looked up to deny his plea, then laughed slightly.

"Well, of all things!" she gave him greeting. "If it ain't Kennedy!"

The vender touched his cap with a gesture that suggested the touch of a whip against a tall hat.

"I thought it was you, Miss Gates," he said. "It's fifteen years since I used to drive you out to Washington Park, but I ain't forgot you. I told Miss Dargan I thought it was you. She's coming."

FROM one of the upper rows a stout woman waddled down toward them. At her coming the ginger-pop vender departed with another lifting of his forefinger to his cap-brim.

The stout woman, panting a little from her haste, held out her hands to Sally, and kissed her on both cheeks before she spoke. Her worldly-wise eyes appraised Sally swiftly, then smiled with a flash of something like fun.

"You must have come out of the attic closet," she said.

For a moment Sally could not speak. Then, "May Dargan," she said, and patted the stout woman's bejeweled hand as if to assure herself of the reality.

She moved over to give the other place, staring at her the while as if she feared her disappearance should she let her go from sight. The stout woman gave her a one-sided grin.

"How's the luck, Sally?" she asked, with an odd inflection of kindliness.

"Rotten," said Sally.

"That's what I was afraid of when I didn't see you anywhere." May Dargan said. "Why didn't you look me up? John's done pretty well, you know, and I don't forget my old friends."

"I wasn't hungry, May."

"Food ain't all we got hungry for, dearie."

"You bet it ain't!"

"Married again, Sally?"

"No."

"You and me are one-man women, I guess."

"I guess so. John all right?"

"Gets sick whenever there's racing at Hot Springs. Fit as a fiddle other times. How's Joe, Sally?"

"Sick."

"So I heard. Is she with him yet?"

"Yes."

"I never thought she'd stick."

"What else could she do? She ain't even a good waitress."

"That's so." The woman's middle-aged eyes glinted with swift curiosity. "Who's putting up for them?"

"I've been."

"I thought so. You were always that kind of a fool. What's going to be the last act, Sally?"

"Whatever it is, it's coming quick. They'll be in Chicago to-night."

"You don't tell me! Where'll they stay? With you?"

"Where else?"

OVER at the post for the six-furlong start, the ribbon fell for the first race. But Sally Gates paid no heed to the drop nor to the dash of the horses. For May Dargan, out of the store of the wisdom for which she had given youth and comeliness and happiness, was saying:

"I guess there's a God in Israel, Sally, when you've given a chance like this. It's sure coming to you. Many's the time I've said to John, 'If Joe Gates don't come back to Sally before he dies, I'll not believe in justice.' For he always cared for you, Sally. Violet King just caught him when he was mad and sore and hurt at you. She was always a sleep little cat. I never saw how you could stand having her around. The rest of us knew she was trying to come between you; but she was always telling you her poor yarns, and you were always believing the little liar. Ugh! When I think of her, I feel as if I was rubbing satin the wrong way." May Dargan shivered dramatically. "And so they're coming back to you?"

"To-night."

"Well, advice never did you much good. Do you remember the day I told you not to get a divorce because you'd just be playing Joe into her hands? But I'm going to give you some more, whether or not you'll take it. The game's in your hands, Sally. Even if a man marries half a dozen women, there's something in his heart that belongs to the first one. Don't I know? There's a dead woman out in Calvary who's stood between me and John for nearly twenty years. And that old feeling's somewhere down in Joe, waiting for you. Win it back, Sally. Even if it can't be for long,—even if it ain't for more than a day, for an hour,—get it back, if you want to be happy at all for the rest of your life. For if he goes from you without your being sure that he's really and truly yours in spite of everything, you ain't going to have even a memory you'll want to cherish. Take it from me, it's true!"

"I know it is, May." Her hand closed over May Dargan's. "That's why I'm bringing him."

"How're you fixed, dearie?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

She strove to make her tone gay, but the query flung her back into the nervous tension that May Dargan's coming had relaxed. Even as May talked on, bidding out advice with the stoutness of a chef dispensing soups, Sally gripped her program with a fierceness of fear lest her wagering betray her trust in it. Through the intermissions and the second and third races she gave back brief monosyllables to her companion's comments; but just before the Merchant's she interrupted the other woman.

"You don't think there's any chance they'll scratch Lenox, do you?" she asked her.

"Oh, no," said May Dargan. "You ain't betting on him, though?" Her tone grew anxious.

"Why not?"

"Sir John's due to win. Kane's riding."

"Not a chance, May. I've a tip on Lenox."

"Who told you?"

"Ellis."

"He's entered Burnaby, hasn't he?"

"Yes; but he told me Lenox is to win, and Wicklup for place."

"Well—"

"It's a sure thing."

BUT, in spite of her assurances, she grew cold with fear as the moments sped toward the hour set for the Merchant's on the white clock beside the track. What if Lenox should be scratched? What if Ellis had not been sure?

A great sigh of relief rushed from her as she saw Lenox's name go on the board between Sir John's and Wicklup's. Burnaby's came last. She felt an impulse to wring May Dargan's neck when she heard her yell for Kane and Sir John. "Lenox, Lenox!" she found herself shouting, as the bunch of thoroughbreds stabbed out to the ribbon for the start.

With a quiver of overdrawn tension the crowd came to its feet. Sally, moving past May Dargan and out into the aisle for better vision, glimpsed the grouping of the four horses, picking Lenox by Tenner's black and green. "Kane wears the blue," she heard May Dargan say. "That's Wicklup's boy in the orange," a man near them cried.

She studied the three racers cravingly, discounting Burnaby, with his jockey gay in the cherry and white of the Cedarwood stables, because of Ellis's tip. On Lenox of the chestnut hue, Lenox of the high-arched neck, Lenox of the glossy beauty, Sally Gates set her gaze as she had wagered her hopes.

They made the start at the post back of the judges' stand with a clean dash that took the four abreast and kept them there almost to the turn. Then, inch by inch, the black and green of Tenner's coat went forward. "Lenox!" cried the crowd; but in Sally's throat a tightening muscle silenced her. Her hands clutched at her purse until her knuckles stood out white against the ruddiness of the skin. Her eyes, straining over the field, grew dark as the blue of Sir John's rider swept up on the darker colors of Lenox's boy. At the quarter-mile they were abreast.

"Sir John—oh, Sir John!" May Dargan gasped.

"For God's sake, shut up!" Sally snapped at her.

Over beyond the green swept the horses, so close together that no one on the stand might distinguish the leader until the turn suddenly disclosed Lenox near the fence, with Sir John and Wicklup crowding beside him. Outside them a bay horse, with a rider in cherry and white, took a swift spurt that turned the screws on the breathless waiting of the watchers.

"Burnaby!" some one on the stand shouted. "Come on, Burnaby!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" Sally moaned. Her lips curved voicelessly as the cherry and white spurred up toward the blue and orange, toward the green and black. A long-forgotten phrase of Joe's about Ellis—"He'd steer his own mother crooked"—came to her, dragging with it a gnawing fear of the treachery of the man's advice. Under its pressure her need of success became a whip that lent upon her brain. Sharpened by May Dargan's words, by all the old recollections of Joe Gates, her desire for the man who had been her own through the days of her youth became a physical pain. "I must win," her spirit groaned. "I must win—for Joe." From some long-locked closet of her heart she lifted a prayer:

"Oh, God, let me win, and I'll be good!"

DOWN the last stretch came the riders, the blue just ahead of the black and green, the orange of Wicklup abreast Tenner, and a little away from them, and just before them, the cherry and white of Burnaby. Confused cries smote Sally's ears. A roar of anger, sweeping over the crowd, caught her on its crest, only to leave her stranded on a coast of fear. Blank terror rose like a wall before her vision as the riders went by. Blindly she strove to see the finish, sighting nothing but straining backs and flying heels. But she heard the cry of the crowd, "Burnaby!" and went down under it, not knowing or caring that she sobbed like a child.

"Sally!" May Dargan's sharp call brought her back to realization. "How much did you lose?"

"Oh, not so very much," she lied bravely, intuition and experience informing her that May Dargan would insist upon trying to lend her money unless she forced her to believe she didn't need it. "I'm all right now."

She braced herself to meet May's insistent questions, holding up beneath the trying good-bys the stout woman forced upon her. But her garnished face was drawn with the pain of despair as she went down the steps, stumbling through the betting-ring toward the train-shed. Once she thought that she heard some one say her name; but she hastened from possible speech with any one who knew her.

Underneath the sign that proclaimed the evening's dance she saw Ellis, glanting in his victory and the six-to-one odds he had manœuvered for Burnaby. An impulse to confront him with his treachery, to berate him for his forgetfulness of Joe Gates's kindnesses to him, halted Sally's steps; but, even as she paused, her judgment told her the folly and futility of her accusation. A hand came down on her shoulder, and she turned in furtive fright, to meet Pat Mangan's smile.

"Well," he said, "don't you want your money?"

"What's the use of rubbing it in?" she demanded of him. "I've lost, and I can take my medicine. Losing's nothing new to me."

"Who said you lost?" He reached out for her program, shoving it down into his pocket. "Didn't you see Burnaby win?"

"Didn't I give you the forty? I don't owe you any more, do I?"

"No; we owe you. You see, I know a little bit more about this game than you do, and when you told me that Ellis said to play Lenox, I figured Burnaby to win, and I played your forty on him in the Varley books. Here's your roll."

He handed her a roll sandwich of the sort the venders had been peddling, but with greenbacks substituted for its original frankfurter. The sight of the money stuffed within the cover designed to disguise the transaction from official vigilance, and the realization that chance had brought her a consummation of her desire, swept Sally Gates into hysterical laughter. With the roll grasped in her trembling hands, she stood shaken by a mirth that was sorrow's sister. Then, just as swiftly, she began to cry.

"I can't take it, Pat," she said. "You're just giving me this. I didn't win it."

Pat Mangan looked her squarely in the eyes.

"You won it," he told her.

"Honest to God, Pat?"

"Honest to God, Sally."

For a moment she stared back into his keen blue eyes, then took the greenbacks from the sandwich and dropped them into her purse.

"Some day," she said, "when people forget what I am now and remember what I used to be, you can tell the pikers that you're the only man besides Joe that Sally Gates ever kissed."

She lifted her lips to him with a pride that flashed her old daring.

Pat Mangan, with the knowledge that a thousand men were watching, swung off his straw hat and took her kiss as he might have taken a grateful child's salute. There surged about them the laughter of a misunderstanding mob; but through it Pat Mangan stood, with a glint in his eyes that raised barriers against question, while Sally Gates went through the turnstile to the waiting train.

ALL the way back to the city, as the train crawled alongside the winding canals, Sally Gates built her air castles out of the substance of the green hills. Over and over she counted the cost of luxuries that Joe would need. Laboriously, with a stubby pencil, upon the back of the envelop that had brought her Violet's message, she listed the delicacies that had once been Joe's delight. Mushrooms and cantaloupes, chicken and porterhouse steak, artichokes and Edam cheese rioted through her fancy. "And a little champagne," she decided. She put aside her recollections for the urgency of the present, rejoicing in her ability to be able to provide for Joe through the brief time fate was allotting to her.

"Two weeks," she kept saying—"only two weeks. But I married him two weeks after I met him."

In a glow of hope as fugacious as the sky before sunrise, she set out on her mission of making ready for Joe Gates' return. With the recklessness of a winner in wardrobe, she ordered from a Michigan Avenue connoisseury gourmand's delights that forced her to summon a cab to bear her and her purchases to the shabby North Side rooming-house.

Once in the house, she went through the rooms in a flutter of excitement, dusting here and there, shifting linens, bringing out a few treasured bits of silver, telephoning an employment agency for a cook and a housemaid, dragging every presentable piece of furniture in the place to the suite she had chosen for Joe. For Violet she had set aside a room on an upper floor.

"She's got to do as I say," she muttered, as she reviewed the contingency of rebellion in the yellow-haired woman. "She ain't got any money. I'm paying the bills."

Downstairs she let Sampters, the derelict lodger of her constant dunning, go by without question, although his very assumption of jauntiness told her of his persistent penury. She knocked at the door of Mrs. Willetts' room to leave a sun-kissed peach for the child whose mother dragged her through the precarious listlessness of a furnished-room existence.

"That's for Jenny," she said. "She's a pretty good little kid."

"You've never had any children, have you?" inquisitive Mrs. Willetts inquired.

"No, thank God," Sally started to say; but a new-born thought stopped her usual answer. What if she had a child with Joe's eyes and Joe's smile and Joe's rumpled hair? Might not the dragging years have held some food for her hungering heart? "No," she told herself; "not even a kid like Joe would fill the bill. It's Joe for me, and nobody else."

SHE went upstairs again to her own room, a hot, bare space under the roof, lightened only by a silver-framed photograph and a singing canary. The bird was warbling trillingly as Sally opened the door.

"I'm not so bad at that myself," she said, and began to sing the scale in a competition almost gay. The canary fell into silence, but Sally went into song.

"Baby dear, listen here,
I'm afraid to go home in the dark,"

she sang.

She turned the photograph toward the waning light from the window. It was a picture of Joe, taken just before he had fought O'Malley, and the one token of the past to which Sally Gates had held. She studied it now consideringly, asking herself if her love for Joe could have been but a shadow of her vanity in his power. But something within her cried out against the treason, telling her over and over again that the old bond between Joe and herself had been something deeper and surer than the circumstance of health or strength or prosperity or pride.

THE knowledge that the man whom she had loved for his power and his glory was now a weak, helpless, almost forgotten shell of what he had been, endeared him to her as no other circumstance of life could have done. Gazing upon the man of bitter times, Sally Gates came to know herself as she had not done when he had been with her; but with realization came dread lest he might have found in the other woman, through those days and nights in the Western desert, all that he sought from womankind.

"You can't care for her that way," she told the man of the picture. "It wouldn't be square." But she set down the frame trebilingly.

With a last jerk at her tawdry hat, she went out of the house, listening to the railway station, only to find herself twenty minutes early. In an agony of doubt and dread, radiated sometimes by streaks of hopefulness, she paced the platform until the roar of the engine of the east-bound overland thundered into the train-shed, and left her shaken with terror.

"Get together," she urged herself. "You're like a fighter who's afraid of the light."

As if to steady herself by a concrete realization, she clutched her purse frantically as the train slowed to a standstill. There, on the platform's edge, a forlorn, haunting figure out of the yesterdays, she waited while the tide of incoming passengers went by. The tide thinned at last to a trickling stream, and Sally Gates was giving up hope that the two for whom she waited were to come, when she sensed, rather than sighted, a little commotion down at the last car. Toward it, driven by instinct, she hastened.

From the car platform the conductor and the brakeman were lifting a stretcher. Beneath its blanket lay something slight and still. Sally Gates, seeing the covered form, felt within her the surge of a mighty yearning, the tidal wave of a mothering desire to take in her arms the man who lay so quiet, so utterly helpless. Not with the fire of her old love, with all its flaring passions and thrilling glories, but with the bursting ache of a new love that transcended the other in its power and its strength,—a love that had in it nothing of self, but only an immolating splendor of sacrifice,—she waited breathlessly for sight of the man whose image she had cherished through anger and neglect and the knowledge that he had set another woman in her place. But, even as she waited, she saw Violet Gates.

YELLOW-haired, her white face haggard beneath a heavily plumed purple hat, she was watching Sally with a fearful, tremulous glance that quivered with a hatred she could not conceal. With slow scorn Sally gave back her stare, flinging into her gaze all the cumulative contempt that time had taught her to feel toward the shallow, treacherous, petty-souled creature who had stolen from her that thing in life she had most desired.

Under the searing iron of that look, Violet Gates faltered until the woman she had wronged felt rising within her the swift knowledge that her rival had failed. Within her shifting eyes Sally Gates read the truth the yellow-haired woman strove to conceal—the knowledge that, whatever else Violet Gates had won from life, she had not found what she sought.

The yellow-haired woman seemed to draw herself up with an actual physical effort as she spoke:

"I've got to talk to you before we take him anywhere."

The trainmen were bearing the stretcher toward the gates. Sally fell in after them, driven by desire to keep as near as she

"As the yellow-haired woman went beyond their vision, Joe Gates spoke again: 'I've always had a hunch that sometime you and I were going to get together again. Somehow, Violet doesn't count.'"

might to that motionless form. The yellow-haired woman fell into step beside her. She minced along with nervous steps, watching Sally furtively. Suddenly she broke out.

"It's all up to you," she said. "I've been telling him that it was what you said, not what he wanted. But he's been saying you'd do what he asked you. I'll have to tell you quick, for the other train goes in fifteen minutes. Joe wants to go home to his mother, down in Indiana. Are you going to let him go?"

SALLY stared at her stupidly. "To his mother!"

"Yes, to his mother. You don't think I want to go there, do you? I've had trouble enough without wishing myself on the old lady. Maybe you know the psalm-singing stuff we'll have? I don't want it, I tell you! But he's talked about nothing else for weeks. He's crazy for the green fields and the trees and the sky."

"Well!"

"It's up to you, ain't it? We've no money. If you want to keep us here, you can do it."

"It's a trick," Sally said. She glared at Violet Gates with an anger that sent a shiver over the yellow-haired woman. "You know that his mother will let you go there, because you're his legal wife now, and I'm not. And you've got him wanting to go, so that you can be with him without me. You always were tricky, Violet. That's how you got Joe. And now you're afraid to let him be with me. You know that, away down deep, he cares for me yet more than he ever cared for you. You know that, and you're trying to keep us apart."

"It's no trick," said the other woman dully. "What would it matter now? He ain't got long. What difference would it make?"

"What difference?" She towered over Violet. "What difference? You little fool, don't you know the difference? Don't you know that—"

She clenched her hands in a rage that drove Violet Gates to speech.

"Maybe you think I had a good time down there in the desert?" she demanded. "It was hell—plain hell. But I stuck, because I know that if I didn't you'd publish it all over the country that I was a quitter. That's why I stayed. And now do you suppose I want to go down to a dead town in Indiana, with an old woman who'll tell me what a devil I am? I should say not! But he's wild to go. Ask him yourself, if you don't believe me!"

She paused before the stretcher that the trainmen had set down on a truck beside the gates. There she stood, involuntarily indifferent, as Sally came beside the place where Joe Gates lay. But she turned away as Sally Gates reached over and pulled down the blankets.

For the cry that Sally had striven to hold back when she had seen the stretcher borne along, the cry of her love and her fidelity, of her hope and her fear, of her sorrow and of her yearning, came from her lips at last. All the old love and the new fused into white flame as Joe Gates, the one man whom she had loved through her stormy life, opened his eyes and smiled at her with a flicker of the old fondness lighting his ghastly face. Forgetful of the place, of time and change, of the yellow-haired woman, she bent over him.

"Oh, Joe!" was all she said; but into his name she put all the tenderness of forgiving womankind.

From the pillow that was no whiter than his face he smiled up at her.

"I'm glad to see you, Sally," he said weakly. His eyes traveled over her bright raiment. "Some clothes!" he murmured. "You always looked all right." He lifted his hand from beneath the covers and reached for hers. "How's the world treating you?"

"Fine," she said chokingly.

"You've been good to me, Sally," he went on, "and you hadn't much reason to be. I'd have gone under, but for you."

"It wasn't anything."

"And I've wanted to see you. We're going down to mother's. Violet didn't want to go, but I must go there. Mother's been waiting for me to come home."

OVER the head of the dying man the two women faced each other. For an instant of time that throbbed into an eon, Sally Gates strove to read the shallow soul of the yellow-haired woman, seeking to discover whether Violet were tricking her out of her desire. Then her eyes fell upon Joe's drawn face.

"You know I always meant to go back to mother some day, Sally," he said.

With the tower of her hopes toppled in ruin, Sally Gates spoke to Joe's wife.

"You go down and buy the tickets," she said, thrusting upon her all that was left of the money she had won from Pat Mangan. "It's for him," she said fiercely.

As the yellow-haired woman went beyond their vision, Joe Gates spoke again:

"We had a pretty good time while it lasted, didn't we, Sally?"

"Yes," she said.

"We might have made it last longer."

"Perhaps."

He watched her wistfully, as if he tried to gather strength to say something that eluded his power.

"I've always had a hunch," he said slowly, "that sometime you and I were going to get together again. Somehow, Violet doesn't count. You've been my only real girl, Sally. I used to think, out there on the desert, of the time when we'd patch it all up, and be happy in the way we used to be. But they've rung the gong on me, Sally, do you believe in an afterwards?"

"I don't know, Joe."

"I wonder." His eyes, luminous in the nearness of death, considered her. "That's why I'm going home," he said. "I want to get back to the faith I had when I was a kid down there. I want to go out believing that there'll be a come-back some day, that there's a place where we can make all these fool passes. Don't you understand, Sally? I want to go down in the wind-up knowing that I'll be waiting for you—somewhere. Can't you know it, too?"

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she sobbed.

But her eyes made promise that through time and eternity her spirit would wing its way to his. With her head in his, he sank back on his pillow, closing his eyes as if to bar all other vision. The yellow-haired woman, coming back, found them silent.

They said no good-bys. But, as the train slid out from the terminal toward the moonlit fields of Indiana, Sally Gates, alone on the platform, looked after it with the gaze of those who desery beyond the ropes of earthly limitations, that hope of eternity's reward with which they will live and die.

Then, with the step of a conqueror, she faced the city's night.

The Triflers

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

PETER rose and helped Marjory back to a chair as if she, in her turn, had suddenly become blind.

"If I frighten you like this I—I must not look at you," he faltered.

Still she trembled; still she covered her face.

"See!" he cried. "I have closed them again."

She looked up in amazement. He was standing with his eyes tight shut. He who had been in darkness all these long months had dared, to save her from her own shame, to return again to the pit. For a second it stopped her heart from beating. Then, springing to his side, she seized his hands.

"Peter," she commanded, "open your eyes!"

He was pale—ghastly pale.

"Not if it hurts you."

Swiftly leaning toward him, she kissed the closed lids.

"Will you open them—now?"

She was in terror lest he should find it impossible again—as if that had been some temporary miracle which, having been scorned, would not be repeated.

Then once again she saw his eyes flutter open. This time she found them with her lists clenched by her side. What a difference those eyes made in him. Closed, he was like a helpless child; open, he was a man. He grew taller, bigger, older, while she who had been leading him about shrank into insignificance. She felt petty, planner, less worthy than ever she had in her life. By sheer force of will power she held up her head and faced him as if she were facing the sun.

FOR a moment his eyes feasted upon her. To see her hair, when for months he had been forced to content himself with memories of it; to see her white forehead, her big, deep eyes and straight nose; to see the lips which he had only felt—all that held him silent.

But he saw something else there, too. Something had been added. Before she had the features of a girl; now she had the features of a woman. Something had since been added to the eyes and mouth

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—something he knew nothing about.

"Marjory," he said slowly, "I think there is a great deal you have left untold."

She tightened her lips. There was no further use of evasion. If he pressed her with his eyes open, he must know the truth.

"Yes, Peter," she answered.

"I can't decide," he went on slowly, "whether it has to do with a great grief or a great joy."

"The two so often come together," she trembled.

"Yes," he nodded; "I think that is true. Perhaps they belong together."

"I have only just learned that," she said.

"And you've been left with the grief?"

"I can't tell, Peter. Sometimes I think so, and then again I see the justice of it, and it seems beautiful. All I'm sure of is that I'm left alone."

"Even with me?"

"Even with you, Peter."

HE passed his hand over his eyes. "This other—do I know him?" he asked finally.

"Yes."

"It—it is Covington?"

"Yes."

She spoke almost mechanically.

"I—I should have guessed it before. Had I been able to see, I should have known."

"That is why I didn't wish you to see me—so soon," Marjory said.

"Covington!" he repeated. "But what of the other woman?"

She took a long breath.

"I—I'm the other woman," she answered.

"Marjory!" he cried. "Not she you told me of?"

"Yes."

"His wife!"

"No—not that. Merely Mrs. Covington."

"I don't understand. You don't mean you're not his wife!" He checked himself abruptly.

"We were married in Paris," she hastened to explain. "But—but we agreed the marriage was to be only a form. He was to come down here with me as a companion on the voyage. He wished only to give me the protection of his name, and that—that was all I wished. It was not until I met you, Peter, that I realized what I had done."

"It was not until then you realized you really loved him?"

"Not until then," she moaned.

"But, knowing that, you allowed me to talk as I did; to hope—"

"Peter—dear Peter!" she broke in. "It was not then. It was only after I knew he had gone out of my life forever that I allowed that. You see, he has gone. He has gone to England, and from there he is going home. You know what he is going for. He is never coming back. So it is as if he died, isn't it? I allowed you to talk because I knew you were telling the truth. And I did not promise much. When you asked me never to go from you, all I said was that I'd try. You remember that? And I have tried, and I was going to keep on trying—ever so hard. I had ruined my own life and his life, and—and I didn't want to hurt you any more. I wanted to do what I could to undo some of the harm I'd already done. I thought that perhaps if we went on like this long enough I might forget a little of the past and look forward only to the future. Some day I meant to tell you. You know that, Peter. You know I wouldn't be dishonest with you."

She was talking hysterically, anxious only to relieve the tenseness of his lips. She was not sure that he heard her. He was looking at her with a curious detachment.

"Peter—say something!" she begged.

"It's extraordinary that I should ever have dared hope you were for me," he said.

"You mean you—you don't want me, Peter?"

"Want you?" he cried hoarsely. "I'd go through hell to get you. I'd stay colorblind the rest of my life to get you! Want you!"

He stopped toward her with his hands outstretched as if to seize her. In spite of herself, she shrank away.

"You see," he ran on. "What difference does it make if I want you? You belong to Covington. You haven't anything to do with yourself any more. You haven't yourself to give. You're his."

WITH her hand above her eyes as if to ward off his blows, she gasped:

"You mustn't say such things, Peter."

"I'm only telling the truth, and there's no harm in that. I'm telling you what you haven't dared tell yourself."

"Things I mustn't tell myself!" she cried. "Things I mustn't hear."

"What I don't understand," he said, "is why Covington didn't tell you all this. He must have known."

"He knew nothing," she broke in. "I was a mere incident to his life. We met in Paris quite by accident when he happened to have an idle week. He was alone and I was alone, and he saved me from a disagreeable situation. Then, because he still had nothing in particular to do and I had nothing in particular to do, he suggested this further arrangement. We were each considering nothing but our own comfort. We wanted nothing more. It was to escape just such complications as this—to escape responsibility, as I told you—that we—we married. He was only a boy, Peter, and knew no better. But I was a woman, and should have known. And I came to know! That was my punishment."

"He came to know, too," said Peter.

"He might have come to know," she corrected breathlessly. "There were moments when I dared think so. If I had kept myself true—oh, Peter, these are terrible things to say!"

She buried her face in her hands again—a picture of total and abject misery.

"She knew that Monte was hundreds of miles away. He must not come; he should not come—but, oh God, if he would come!"

Peter pinned his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"There, little woman," he tried to comfort. "Cry a minute. It will do you good."

"I haven't even the right to cry," she sobbed.

"You *must* cry," he said. "You haven't let yourself go enough. That's been the whole trouble."

HE was silent a moment.

"You haven't let yourself go enough," he repeated, almost like a seer. "You have tried to force your destiny from its appointed course. You have, and Covington has, and I have. We have tried to force things that were not meant to be, and to balk things that were meant to be. That's because we've been selfish—all three of us. We've each thought of ourself alone—of our own petty little happiness of the moment. That's deadly. It warps the vision. It—it makes people stone-blind.

"I understand now. When you went away from me, it was myself alone I considered. I was hurt and worried, and made a martyr of myself. If I had thought more of you, all would have been well. This time I think I—I have thought a little more of you. It was to get at you and not myself that I wanted to see again. So I saw again. I let go of myself and reached out for you. So now—why, everything is quite clear."

She raised her head.

"Clear, Peter?"

"Quite clear. I'm to go back to my work, and to use my eyes less and my head and heart more. I'm to deal less with statutes and more with people. Instead of quoting precedents, perhaps I'm going to try to establish precedents. There's work enough to be done, God knows, of a sort that is born of just such a year as this I've lived through. I must let go of myself and let myself go. I must think less of my own ambitions and more of the ambitions of others. So I shall live in others. Perhaps I may even be able to live a little through *you two*."

"Peter!" she cried.

"For Covington must come back to you as fast as ever he can."

"No! No! No!"

"You don't understand how much he loves his wife."

"Please!"

"And he, poor devil, doesn't understand how much his wife loves him."

"You—you"—she trembled aghast—"you wouldn't dare repeat what I've told you!"

"You don't want to stagger on in the dark any longer. You'll let me tell him."

She rose to her feet, her face white.

"Peter," she said slowly, "if ever you told him that, I'd never forgive you. If ever you told him, I'd deny it. You'd only force me into more lies. You'd only crush me lower."

"Steady, Marjory," he said.

"You're wonderful, Peter!" she exclaimed. "You've—you've been seeing visions. But when you speak of telling him what I've told you, you don't understand how terrible that would be. Peter—you'll promise me you won't do that?"

SHE was pleading, with pain in her eyes.

"Yes, if he knew, he'd come racing to you."

"He'd do that because he's a gentleman and four-square. He'd come to me and pretend. He'd feel himself at fault, and pity me. Do you know how it hurts a woman to be pitied? I'd rather he'd hate me. I'd rather he'd forget me altogether."

"But what of the talks I had with him in the dark?" he questioned. "When he talked to me of you then, it was not in pity."

"Because," she choked, "because he doesn't know himself as I know him. He—he doesn't like change—dear Monte. It disturbed him to go because it would have been so much easier to have stayed. So, for the moment, he may have been—a bit sentimental."

"You don't think as little of him as that!" he cried.

"He—he is the man who married me," she answered unsteadily. "It was—just Monte who married me—honest, easy-going, carefree Monte, who is willing to do a woman a favor even to the extent of marrying her. He is very honest and very gallant and very normal. He likes one day to be as another. He doesn't wish to be stirred up. He asked me this, Peter: 'Isn't it possible to care without caring too much?' And I said, 'Yes.' That was why he married me. He had seen others who cared a great deal, and they frightened him. They cared so much that they made themselves uncomfortable, and he feared that."

"Good Lord, you call that man Covington?" exclaimed Peter.

"No—just Monte," Marjory answered quickly. "It's just the outside of him. The man you call Covington—the man inside—is another man."

"It's the real man," declared Peter.

"Yes," she nodded, with a catch in her voice. "That's the real man. But—don't you understand?—it wasn't that man who married me. It was Monte who married me to escape Covington. He trusted me not to disturb the real man, just as I trusted him not to disturb the real me."

PETER leaned forward with a new hope in his eyes.

"Then," he said, "perhaps, after all, he didn't get to the real you."

Quite simply she replied:

"He did, Peter. He does not know it, but he did."

"You are sure?"

She knew the pain she was causing him, but she answered:

"Yes. I couldn't admit that to any one else in the world but you—and it hurts you, Peter."

"It hurts like the devil," he said.

She placed her hand upon his.

"Poor Peter," she said gently.

"It hurts like the devil, but it's nothing for you to pity me for," he put in quickly. "I'd rather have the hurt from you than nothing."

"You feel like that?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "you must understand how, even with me, the joy and the grief are one."

"Yes, I understand that. Only if he knew—"

"He'd come back to me, you're going to say again. And I tell you again, I won't have him come back, kind and gentle and smiling. If he came back now,—if it were possible for him really to come to me,—I'd want him to ache with love. I'd want him to be hurt with love."

She was talking fiercely, with a wild, unrestrained passion such as Peter had never seen in any woman.

"I'd want," she hurried on, out of all control of herself—"I'd want everything I don't want him to give—everything I've no right to ask. I'd want him to live on tiptoe from one morning through to the next. I'd begrudge him every minute he was just comfortable. I'd want him always eager, always worried, because I'd be always looking for him to do great things. I'd have him always ready for great sacrifices—not for me alone, but for himself. I'd be so proud of him I think I—I could with a smile see him sacrifice even his life for another. For I should know that, after a little waiting, I should meet him again, a finer and nobler man. And all these things I should

Continued on page 21

How I Helped My Husband

WE are printing here the letters of six women. They are taken from many hundreds of letters that we have received, each one telling the story of some woman's supreme struggle and achievement. Each one is so touching, and at the same time so inspiring in its simple recital of dark days lived through and trials overcome by the power of human courage and affection, that our great regret is not to be able to publish more of them. It is an interesting fact that in all six of the letters given here the wife has unconsciously drawn a picture of her husband so vivid and realistic that it could hardly have been done better by the most skilful writer of fiction.

Weathering Hard Times Together

I WAS an Easterner in the West, and five years the senior of the man who later became my husband. When I first met him he was well-to-do, had a good business and splendid prospects. But when the question of marriage arose, I insisted that if I was to be his wife he would have to come to my beloved East. He sold out his business, came, and upon his arrival we were married.

I have stated that he was a Westerner. The East and its ways were a closed book to him. In less than a month after we were married I realized my great mistake and his sacrifice.

All too rapidly our little nest-egg was disappearing. It seemed impossible for him to get work of any sort that would bring in enough for our support. A dozen things that he could have turned his hand to in the West were not possible here.

He said he believed he could succeed in forestry if he could get a start. He had lived and grown up among the big trees of the West; as a young lad had been in the lumber camps and there had learned trees as few learn them. However, it would take time to enter this field. What was to be done while he was establishing himself?

Believing that I had done him a great injury by insisting on his coming East, I told him that I would do all I could, and for him to make a start, for I felt sure we would get along some way.

With our last fifty dollars we took a house in a good neighborhood, and, as we did not have much furniture, I advertised "unfurnished rooms." Within a week I had filled my house. A widow and small daughter took my second floor, and a widow and son the third. It was the first step, and we were now assured a roof over our heads. It was spring, so we did not have to worry about coal.

Then my husband started off to seek his fortune, and while he was gone I advertised, and in that way secured enough orders to do small bits of upholstering and covering of pillows, etc., to pay my running expenses. When the work was beyond my strength, my husband would help me when he came home at night. Often we would work until two or three in the morning to finish an order, and then he would get up early to deliver the articles before he began his own day's work.

It was not very long before he came home with his first contract. The owner of a house wanted the trees on her lawn trimmed and the dead wood taken out. She would pay twelve dollars for the work.

But to do this work a saw and pruners would be needed, and such things cost money. There was nothing to do but to confide our predicament to the widow with the son and ask her if she could advance some real money. I went to her, and she was just as nice about it as she could be. Of course she would. So the saw and pruners were bought, and two days later the work was satisfactorily finished and my husband brought home the twelve dollars. It looked like a gold-mine to us.

He continued to get work, and his work was good, so he was recommended from one to another. He began to make money, and it looked as if daylight were coming at last.

Then the unexpected happened. An aunt of mine whom I had not seen in ten years, and whom I had never known very well, wrote and said she had lost all her money, and that she, her sister, and her brother were about to be turned out of doors. I kept the letter over a day, not knowing what to do, and then read it to my husband. After a few seconds of silence, instead of hearing him say, "It is too bad; I am mighty sorry," or some such remark, he said: "Write to them at once and tell them if they can get enough money together to get to us, to come and we will take care of them." I gasped! My husband was willing to take in three very old people whom he had never seen, and work that much harder. And already he had sacrificed much, struggled much, for my sake!

But what could I do? It was not to be thought of to let those old people go to the poorhouse, yet there was nothing else to be done unless they came to us.

Three weeks later they arrived with all their belongings, and two of them are still with us. One sister died after a long sickness.

My husband kept hopefully on, but it was getting into cold weather by this time and work grew scarce. How we ever pulled through that winter I do not know. As I look back on it, I know we never could have, had it not been for his constant cheer and courage. The old people were most difficult, yet he never lost his temper, never complained.

One night he came in and said: "I could get along so much better and faster if I knew something about flowers and gardens and planting. So many people would give me tree work if I could also do the landscape part."

Now all my life I had loved flowers, at eight years of age I was taking botany at school. As a girl I had traveled in Europe, and there I studied and absorbed everything about gardens I could, just for the pure love of it. Later I had planned and made gardens for my friends.

So I never hesitated one minute. The very next morning I hired a good gardener to do the heavy work, secured necessary tools, and was in readiness when, a week later, my husband brought me in my first contract—for he had approved my plan at once.

I was to make fourteen small gardens and the work took just a week. When all my expenses had been met I found I had cleared $42.80. Two days before I had finished this contract another came in, and after I had finished that I secured, all by myself, a large country place to do over entirely. Then I put ten men to work, hired two expert gardeners, and, barring the bad weather, we worked every day for three and a half months. I was always personally on the job, and often did some of the planting myself.

After that I was as much established as was my husband, and we have worked together ever since.

Now after six years of struggle the future looks bright. We have weathered the storm, and are able to plan on soon buying a home. Then a little later we shall have greenhouses and a nursery.

Need I add that I am proud of my husband? But when I tell him so, he always responds: "I could not have done what I have, nor could I be what I am today, if you had not helped me."

C. W. S.

Now They Own Their Own Home

AS I look back on those strenuous days it seems more like a joke than stern money-making business, for I enjoyed every minute of the time, busy and exciting as it was.

I met my husband at law school, it being my first and his final year. We married soon after his graduation, and I did not complete my law studies. The close, confining duties of an office lawyer did not agree with his health, and after a couple of years we moved to one of the city suburbs and my husband went into the real estate business.

We were getting along nicely, my husband attending to the outside business, and Jim, a local young man and law student, acting as office assistant.

Then a boom hit the village. A munitions plant was established on the outskirts, and land soared. My husband had got wind of the project early, and had taken a ninety-day option on a desirable piece of ground. Things seemed coming our way, when Jim, the assistant, quit cold. The munitions plant offered big wages, and Jim couldn't resist.

Losing Jim at that critical time was indeed a heavy blow. Time was precious, and my husband couldn't get another man. The factory gobbled them up as fast as they came. He was in despair. There is where I arose to the occasion. My year in law school had not been in vain. I knew something about deeds, notes, mortgages, acknowledgments, etc., and told my husband I would be office assistant. He stared at me stupidly, but I insisted, and finally induced him to let me try it, at least.

Next day, with my little girl and negro "mammy," we opened up shop in our little home, and I wrote up several deeds and took deposits on the sale of five lots. In the meantime I had sent in a hurry call for a commission as notary public. The business fever got into my blood. I thought of nothing, talked of nothing, but "our lots." I had photographs made of every desirable view-point; and, with those to aid me, I made a good many sales.

I became agent for a portable house company, and sold those temporary homes like hot cakes. My husband took up his option within the stipulated time, and paid a substantial sum besides. Within ten months we had sold every lot we possessed.

My husband says he would never have pulled through if it had not been for my unexpected assistance.

J. L. D.

She Kept Her Husband's Secret

IT is thirty years now since I, a girl of eighteen years, left the old Bay State and went "out West," where I had relatives, to teach school. I went into a rural district, and secured board with a family who lived near the school-house. In this family was a young man who a few months later became my husband. I respected him for his long self-denial of all that goes to make a young man's life happy. When he was only sixteen, his mother had been left a widow with eight children. He had been his mother's right-hand aid and support from that time to the time I met him, when he was twenty-four years old.

His mother gave him full credit for all the years in which he had given her all his earnings and had been the mainstay of the family. He was handsome, self-reliant, and we became mutually attracted to each other.

Well, we married. Those who understand the New England temperament and its devotion to learning can understand the almost paralyzing shock with which the knowledge imparted itself to me that my dear and loved husband did not know how to read and write. It seemed to me, reared in environments where the smallest child learns these things, almost a disgrace. I remembered, however, that one of the presidents of the United States, Andrew Johnson, did not know his letters when he was married, and that they were taught him by his wife. So I began to give my husband lessons. He never advanced a great way, because the children came and I had so much to do that my strength would not permit me to give enough time to it. But he imbibed enough to hold his own in most of the places in which we have lived.

We came East. I have never mentioned his disability to a living human being, and have covered up such unintentional errors as he has made as adroitly as possible. I have kept his books, helped him make out his estimates, made out all bills, and, in fact, done all the mathematical work that, in almost thirty years, his business has made necessary. Without my help it would have been impossible for him to have carried on business; for, with a naturally trusting nature, he would have been fleeced and duped. His own children, one a college graduate, have never known their father's lack of education. Naturally, they have understood that he was not as well educated as I; but I have always said, and always shall, that it was his early sacrifices for his brothers and sisters that prevented him from advancing, and later his sacrifices for his own children, to whom he is devoted. His never-failing faithfulness to those he loves would make any one admire his character.

For him I have felt sorrow, as he has been debarred from much that I have been able to enjoy in the way of books and lectures. But I have come to understand that plain, unfailing loyalty and love are worth as much as education, and that a native refinement often atones for that attained through schools and books. I would not change my life of thirty years with my husband if I could. Only I could wish that mothers would see that, no matter what their circumstances, they are cutting their sons off from much that is good in life when they fail to give them the wonderful advantages of education.

S. W.

When Her Husband Lost His Business

WHEN I was married my husband had established a good business. He had two partners, to whom he had practically given shares, thinking it would be advantageous in the end. His business was one that required a great deal of capital, increasingly so as it grew. So he told me that economy was as necessary as if he were a clerk with a small salary.

I resolved to be a real helpmate. I knew little of housekeeping and nothing of cooking. However, I coaxed my mother's Spanish cook to show me how to make several of her delicious national dishes. I also began a scientific study of cooking. In time I became an accomplished cook. I learned to take care of every bone, piece of fat, or square inch of meat, and used it in making some delectable dish. All this time the partners and their wives were extravagant in every way. While my husband was straining every nerve to keep the debts of the firm paid up, they thought only of spending.

One of the terms of the partnership was that none of the members should engage in any outside enterprise without the knowledge and consent of all. A chance word of the elder partner led me to suspect that he was about to violate this agreement. When I called my husband's attention to it he seemed grieved that I should be suspicious of his partner.

Within a month this man had verified my predictions and involved the firm in a debt that took all that my husband and I had saved to pay.

When we were recovering from that blow, the younger partner, aided and abetted by the elder one, but without the consent of my husband, entered into a scheme that finally wrecked the whole business.

This culmination of the trouble came about Christmas-time. Our Christmas dinner consisted of dry bread and oatmeal. But we turned a smiling face to the world, even my own family not knowing the depths of our poverty. For the rest of that winter bread continued to be our staple, but I showed my little children how to carve it into the shape of the things they liked best, after the fashion of the little Italian, John Baptist. My whole idea was to brace my husband up and keep him in good spirits.

I mortgaged the house, which, fortunately, I owned, and with that money my husband started over again. Now we could not even afford to have the washing done. So I would wash the clothes myself, and when my husband came home at noon we would make merry over rinsing them, he turning the wringer, which was too hard for me, and I feeding the clothes in. Never once did I allow myself to fret over our trouble; so my husband came through that battle with no scars, but with a great deal of experience; while his older partner, whose mournful wife never helped him to laugh, succumbed to the blow and died in a few years.

Mrs. J. W. B.

A Leap in the Dark

FIFTEEN years ago, there toiled in W—— one of those martyrs to printer's ink, the publisher of a religious weekly. Being radical, its circulation was limited, so the income derived was small, and permitted the labor of but two men to carry it on. The work was hard, the hours long, and the knowledge that he was waging a losing fight not only discouraged but gradually undermined the health of the publisher. But the fascination for his work held him stubbornly at it; so he slaved through the days and the nights, and his wife and child seldom saw him, and there was no family life.

This man was my husband. He was a very well meaning man, but his efforts were spent in a mistaken and unprofitable direction. Finally the paper failed to support us, and then, when the finances became low, I decided to start a boarding-house. However, this proved little relief. After all the toil and trouble we scarcely made a living. I was fast becoming discouraged. If we could make no headway when young, what would old age hold in store for us?

So about this time I visited my brother, a successful merchant in S——. I told him my troubles, and he appreciated my difficulties. He said, "P—— will never willingly give up his work, so you must surprise him." He told me of a vacant store at P——, a neighboring village, and suggested we start a confectionery shop and restaurant, as I was a good cook and had some experience in the restaurant line. He wished to finance the project, but I had one hundred and thirty-two dollars, and I said this amount must do.

That night I told my husband I had bought a business in P—— and that in two weeks I would move. Words can not express his consternation; but our discussion ended in my favor, and two weeks later found us on our way to P——, with a lot of debts to pay, broken health, and one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

The first week we were very much left alone, and my husband assumed an "I told you so" expression. The following Monday I grew desperate. I vowed I would make a stir or bust. The town did not boast of a bakery, but existed on factory-made delicacies. "Here's where I show 'em," I thought. Tuesday morning P—— discovered a whole show-window full of the biggest sugar doughnuts that ever existed. That day we, as successful merchants, arrived in P——.

Then my husband woke up, and his training came into good use. He was well liked at once, and made many friends.

In a few months trade, prosperity, and lack of worry had put new vim in him. And so we lived and worked hard for five years. Then we sold and came to L——.

At this place my husband has had many stores, sometimes two at a time. I have retired. We now own a house of our own, several lots, a farm, and property in Minneapolis. But, best of all, we can also enjoy life, be together, and plan for our children's education. And we are happy, and my husband does not regret the change.

G. W. S.

Pulled Themselves Out of Debt

WHEN I married my husband, who already had four children by another marriage, his income seemed fairly adequate to our needs, for I was blessed with thrift and the ability to "manage"; but when I learned that this same husband was also possessed of two thousand dollars indebtedness—to the doctor, druggist, grocer, baker, and butcher—I caught my breath. He explained how he had hoped to clear up the debts "in some way," since they had cut in to do with my history; but love had made him optimistic even to uttermost recklessness.

It had been his custom to pay by the month, or, at least, to make an attempt to pay periodically wherever money was most expected or required. This seemed disgraceful to my New England pride, and I reasoned that the only probable way of getting straight with the creditors was to budget out the income, pay cash for what we bought, and go without what we could not pay for.

Even with one's own children it is not always easy to conduct the affairs of a household without criticism; but the wish for a complete understanding led me to talk with the children, who ranged in ages from twelve to eighteen, and to explain the condition of affairs and our plans for improving them. Possibly the novelty of being considered a part of the firm made them willing to listen, or possibly the justice of our outlined methods carried the day; but we were all agreed that a new routine was essential, even if not altogether agreeable. Half the salary was to be mine for food, clothes, and shelter for the family; the other half my husband's for insurance, personal expenses, fuel, and debts.

Heretofore the bread had been bought ready made, and the family had lived largely on canned goods. We now began to purchase from downtown stores that were large enough to make bargain sales possible. We obtained winter vegetables from a farmer. We had a variety of properly cooked food, entirely home-made, and the whole family throve most wonderfully upon it.

My husband worked evenings and extra time before office hours in the morning. He knew no holidays, and often went without lunch to accomplish his almost impossible part. But six years after our marriage—a long, hard, but wonderful six years—he paid the last dollar, and we were free to begin life without a creditor to face or dread.

With honor and liberty regained, he had the confidence to ask for the salary that his ability and experience merited, but that, as a harassed, debt-burdened man, he had not been able to do before. Now, years from those times, he is so loyal as to say that all he has is due to me.

Mrs. H. F. W.

DOGS OF WAR

The First Division of Canine Artillery is ordered to the front—Captains Bonzer and Tenzer in command. Until they deliver their machine guns to the troop in action, those brave Belgian officers stop for nothing, not even a bone.

Tell discovered a Russian in hiding, gave the signal, and saved a whole troop of German soldiers from a Russian ambuscade. Some people—the Czar of Russia, for instance—wouldn't thank him for this. But the Kaiser did, with the Iron Cross. Tell is not a dachshund, either.

"Halt! Who goes there?" barks this British sentry with the stubbly brown coat. Johnny Bull is not a raw recruit. He took a severe course of training at his Majesty's Military Academy for Dogs, and came out with flying tail.

This French sergeant was buried alive when his trench was blown up by a German mine. Old Dog Tray scented him out and dug till he saw his master's face. Then, exhausted, he sat down and howled until soldiers came to the rescue. He was the one exception to the hospital rule, "No Dogs Allowed."

Hear-ye, hear-ye, attention! The French Red Cross Division is in great need of your services! You are urged to train for finding wounded on the battle-field and return to headquarters for medical aid. Unless you respond to this call, thousands must die. No griffons need apply!

The Female Bandit of Burro Flats

By AUSTIN GILL

Illustrations by Frank Tenney Johnson

EVERY day in the army may be something like Sunday on the farm; but in the militia on the border there are a good many days that seem to drag. Old-timers of this cactus-studded country who will sit whole afternoons in a tent, drinking two per cent. and spinning stories of a lurid Western past, furnish a welcomed diversion, unless they take advantage of Eastern credulity—mistaking it for greenness instead of heredity—and impose upon it to unprecedentable and implausible extents. These latter eventually become branded as fakes.

Uncle Jack Wilbe was not of those blue-beers. Daily his fame as an entertainer spread through the camps, and there was never a sign of hesitation in the steady supply of liquid with which he lubricated his stories. Consequently, when I saw him enter the fourth section tent after a creditable Sunday dinner of beef, beans, rice, and prunes, I hastened over to secure a seat before the yarn started.

This, as near as I can write it, is what I heard when Uncle Jack mildmured:

"Ed Tobey drove the stage from the railroad to the mines, and it was Ed who first met this here female bandit I'm telling you about."

SPEAKING of this Villa now, there are bandits and bandits, the same as there are lawyers and horse-thieves; and some are mighty different from others, and some are a good deal alike. I've seen plenty in my day, and assisted at a few funerals and preliminaries to funerals, and know from experience that the varieties are as numerous as you'll find in any profession. And once, about twenty years ago, I had a distressing experience with a female bandit, while I was running the saloon at Burro Flats.

It's a sixty-mile stage ride from the Santa Fé to the Latuna Mines in the Black Range, and Burro Flats is a half-way station for rest and refreshment. Its location is the small circle of green land irrigated by the final expiring effort of Burro Creek.

The population of Burro Flats, when Ed Tobey was there, numbered ninety-six, of which ninety was Mex and six was white, counting Ed Tobey. The rest were Tom Pratt, the sheriff; Doc Lawry, who ran the hotel and store, Pete Peters and Wheo Nelson, joint owners of the Bar D horse ranch, and me, running the saloon. There not being any competition in the hotel and saloon business, the Doc and I never troubled to designate our places by fancy names, such as are necessary in towns that hold more than one each of said emporiums.

Ed Tobey drove the stage from the railroad to the mines, and it was Ed who first met up with this here female bandit I'm telling you about. Ed never was very elusive in his account of exactly what happened, about all the information he'd give being contained in his official report that he'd been held up by a white woman two miles below the Pass and relieved of the month's pay-roll he happened to be carrying up to the Latuna Mines at the time.

It wasn't anything very unusual to have the Latuna stage held up in those days, but the nature of the present bandit, and Ed's desire to forget all the unpleasant details of the robbery, gave this case a certain peculiar interest. Of course we understood Ed's natural embarrassment over the affair, and he had our secret sympathy; but we couldn't help joking him a bit, and those white men at Burro Flats were about the worst josbers I've met up with anywhere at any time. Ed's being so sensitive about women, he being afraid of 'em from never having had any advantages of meeting many, made it worse. Yet there wasn't any of us who didn't imagine he knew pretty closely what Ed had done under the circumstances, and we wondered if we wouldn't have done the same if we'd been caught in his fix.

The sheriff was the only man who acted worried. And, when you think of it, he had cause to be.

"Do you think she'll shoot?" he asks Ed, and you could see he was anxious.

"Shoot?" says Ed. "Of course she'll shoot. She's got two guns now, and is apt to keep shooting when she begins. Man, you don't suppose that just because she's in skirts she'll let you walk up and take her to the pen peaceable, do you?"

It seemed reasonable to suppose not, and the matter began to look more serious. The best way to tame a shooting man is to shoot back; but that, somehow, didn't sound like etiquette when it came to a woman. There wasn't anybody there anxious to get known as a woman-fighter, lengthwise Sheriff Tom Pratt, who had quite a reputation in that county for being polite in his work. And here it was his sworn duty to go out and bring in that mail robber, who was a female. It kind of cheered Ed up a bit to see how dismayed he looked over the deal.

BUT the sheriff perked up a little after a few drinks, and organized a posse, consisting of Doc Lawry, to go out and hunt the banditress. This had a sudden dampening effect on Doc's hilarity, which up to then had been going strong, and he did what he could to excuse himself on account of rush of business and a sore toe. But he couldn't make it stick, because there wasn't any business, and his toe looked all right when we got him down and examined it, and besides he wouldn't have to walk. So they had a few more drinks, and started.

When Nelson was in the saloon at the time, and as they passed out he offered to bet a day's beer that they'd never find that robberess, especially if they happened to see her first. I thought it over a while, and decided not to take him up. Then he suddenly remembered that Pete Peters was riding in that afternoon from the railroad with the proceeds from the sale of a bunch of colts, and would unsuspectingly pass right along that stage road. Pete's an old gun-and-knife man from the Beaver River, and Wheo wouldn't have worried under ordinary circumstances, there being only one bandit reported. But now, Pete not being any more used to women than Ed Tobey, the situation struck him as critical, and he started off in a hurry to warn Pete away from the danger zone with all that dinero.

THAT left me with the prospects of a quiet afternoon all to myself, since Ed Tobey had changed horses and pulled out for Latuna. For a while I amused myself by trying to imagine just how the sheriff and Doc would go about making the arrest should they happen to meet up with this here wild prairie rose, and figuring how they'd have to be mighty tactful if they didn't want to pick up a little lead somewhere in their persons. I tried putting myself in their positions and wondering how I'd act; and I couldn't come to any definite solution of the difficulty, in spite of the fact that I'd been married and divorced back in Missouri before I came to this country, and was considered quite an authority on the customs and habits of the fair sex on that account.

I got to thinking that it would be mighty awkward if she'd happen to drop into Burro Flats while I was there all alone and ask for the contents of the cash drawer. Not that I'd mind handing over the mazuma, for I was wise enough to women to know it doesn't pay to refuse 'em anything in reason, on the grounds of ordinary masculine courtesy and peace and health. But there was mighty little cash on hand, and it would sure go hard with me if she thought I was holding out on her any. I'd been accused of holding out a little cash before, back in Missouri, and I didn't want any repetition of the trouble, especially from a banditress packing two guns.

These pleasing thoughts worried me so that at last I went over to Doc's hotel and went through his cash register with the help of a hammer and a screw-driver. I found five dollars and six bits, and this I carried over and combined with my holdings, making a little over eight dollars in all. This relieved me some; for, though it wasn't much, I could plead that business was slack on account of a certain stoppage that had suddenly developed in the pay-roll at the Latuna Mines—which of course she wouldn't be able to deny, under the circumstances.

"Long about three o'clock in came Pete Peters, looking hot and excited and calling for hard liquor. I didn't have to ask him to know what had happened, but I let him talk to relieve his feelings. Wheo never had met up with him to warn him, and he'd been held up by a lone female down by the Pass and relieved of his gun and the wad of money he was bringing in from the sale of those colts.

"What the hell could I do?" he says. "You wouldn't have me shoot her, would you?"

I smiled at him in a sympathetic, superior way.

"The trouble is," says I, "you don't understand women. You should have jollied her along a little with a few compliments, till you got her off her guard, and then roped and hog-tied her and put your handkerchief in her mouth and made her listen to reason."

"I did think of that," says Pete, "but somehow it didn't seem polite. Then, besides, some one might have come along and seen me."

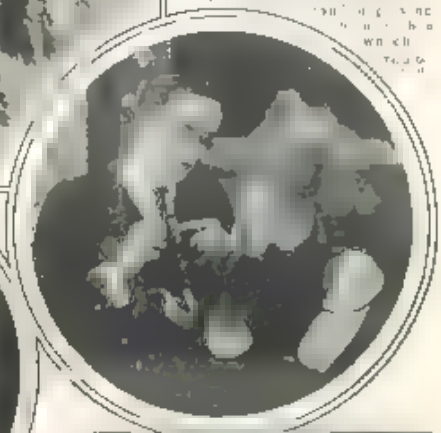
ABOUT an hour after that the sheriff came in, looking considerably ruffled and trying not to show it. I set out the drinks without asking any questions, thinking maybe from his looks he might not be in a very good humor. But Pete didn't hesitate any in bringing up the subject.

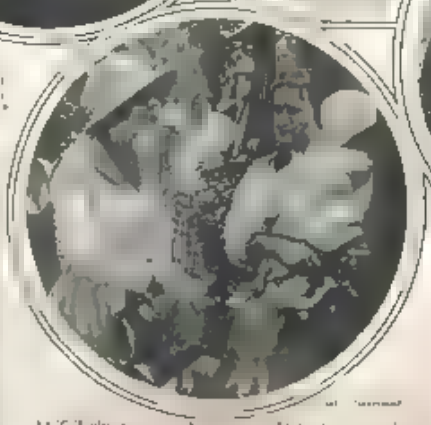
"Say, sheriff," he begins right off, "you didn't happen to see anything of a young lady who just borrowed my gun and colt money out there in the hills, did you?"

"Huh!" says the sheriff, beginning to

Continued on page 15

RICH GIRL, POOR GIRL, BEGGAR GIRL, THIEF





Among Popular Paramours

POOR little rich girl, she has never had a real time of it. All those seminal years when she was learning how to spend her money and all the regular extravagant things with detachable cuffs are strange to the Pekingese nurse and children's governesses to whom fortune has given her daughter. Moreover, "A woman's strong if divorced is worth to the head," say the Germans.

WE have always suspected that Baby Chatterton married the Belgian man to have the title and to be able to say "Yes, I've three names and they're all royal." Now she's about to get a divorce. What will she say when she learns that married a man who will not decide also a waistcoat or small a matter and will not stay at home only if he has been broken at the English bar.

WARNING from the Orient. "A woman's wife and herself to be cut out with a knife." This thing may be all right explaining all about it to the Shah of Persia but here and there it is flung at the head of a husband it is not likely to be received with favor. Indeed, he is apt to regard his counsel as the height of impertinence and to [illegible]

Famous Figure Painters

"HEAVEN will protect the working-girl," and so does the folk-lore of every nation. "In marrying a son, seek a virtuous maiden, and wherein not of a rich disposition," says the Chinese marriage broker to the groom's agent, "a perfect beauty." Here is a nice text! American parents "Beware the maid who loveth alone, as a serial at the first drop of rain, but cherish her who payeth. Surely we can watch the street-car if we run."

RICH girl, poor girl, beggar girl, thief—it is one of these will be who stands at the [illegible] would be very convenient and [illegible] When on the [illegible] wake [illegible] with the awful knowledge that he has another [illegible] she were not there [illegible] sight and [illegible] the nearest [illegible] and drop [illegible] the [illegible] physician [illegible] he might save [illegible] expects [illegible] to have that week. She would very calmly get down the razor or bottle and hand [illegible] a little [illegible] on the [illegible] of the [illegible]

Wide World Photo

THERE are [illegible] about women [illegible] and [illegible] a look [illegible] and Ferdinand Lee and Emma McChesney [illegible] on the matrimonial [illegible] To be sure, a Hampton [illegible] wife of Wisconsin [illegible] intelligence to four [illegible] but [illegible] and [illegible] accidentally [illegible] times." But it speaks [illegible] for nothing [illegible] divorces are eight times." That is [illegible] there aren't also some [illegible] of women [illegible] lawyers. But you can go into any other profession or trade and find one not impossible. She

Wide World Photo

"I'd [illegible] Hazel Lewis [illegible] which makes us wonder whether after all [illegible] wouldn't be the wise thing for all the young men to marry widows and get expert advice free. The Spanish have looked [illegible] this question of [illegible] women, and they say "Her counsel shall not be [illegible] that he that despiseth it as a fool."

Paris [illegible]

HOWEVER, are finally [illegible] on African [illegible] "He who marries a beauty marries trouble." So, probably [illegible] the girls we have mentioned will [illegible] Her [illegible] a thief," we should [illegible] a [illegible] escaped [illegible] She wouldn't [illegible] into the Chinese ideal, but "A wife should [illegible] but a shadow and an echo." But he [illegible] so. Were [illegible] be they good or bad."

Photograph by Whitty Studios

"I'll be fixing up a girl for a week-end," in describing her fiancé to her new friend, is "He's not a bit handsome. The mere reason has got abroad that only the homely man is kept to his dear old mother and then all curly-headed men rule he leads a bank. Girls confess themselves unable to resist a man with half inch eyelashes across the flashing yellow with very tall and shoulders loose out to be short, chunky man with dark glasses and a sense of humor. It's men rather. No one objects to pinky girls. Once, when Lou Tellegen got stranded in Rio de Janeiro, he worked his way back to Paris as a stoker. The straightness of his nose didn't in any way diminish the straightness of his aim with the coal shovel.

Harris

IF Harold Lockwood hadn't been quite so handsome he would probably have been the youngest living president of a Commercial Club, the author of the slogan "Himself has the greatest" which would triple the grocery bills of his home town, and the inventor of a use for chewed gum which would put his parents on Easy Street. For he was doing wonderfully well behind a hardware counter when a picture director carried him off to an opposite Mary Pickford. There seems to be a tradition among that hopefulness men should be screened and not heard.

WE use to state that Thomas B[illegible] shoulders, and regular features, is frank presidents. He was a seven. He fall, and when it comes to riding, takes again. Just the type of man that can't and forgets engagements should marry. He a safe to keep their silver in and [illegible] or purple in winter.

BEAUTIF

THE casual observer thinks of the man who calls up the young lady he met the evening before at the ice cream social and says, "Hello, girlie, this is the Chief of Police," then takes her down to the drug store and has the clerk mix her a Rata Hata special his own idea, and then brings over a bunch of the fellows to sing "Have a Heart," while he takes the credit. As a matter of fact William Garwood, here is an earnest talented motion picture director on the job from nine to five, preying the hairy cave-man and the dying mother away from their respective mirrors and putting them through their paces before the camera.

Bain

"YOU can't trust a man with long slow curls to make a girl happy," is what you hear parents chortling whenever a caller with a Greek beau like Percy Grainger asks to see daughter Mildred. Yes, his young Australian Siegfried can't alike to sleep soundly if he has missed his weekly thirty-mile stroll across country. And music reviewers from coast to coast marvel at the dynamic force behind those steel-mailed fingers.

Photograph by White Studio

NO: Shelly Hull is not the accidental [illegible] to spine the stuff other quarters [illegible] He has been a hard worker, [illegible] nights, mariners, also lunch hours, [illegible] it has kept at bone. As "The Candy perfect y colossal landlady seven times [illegible] aided as to the manliness of hauli

...ly. For all his wavy hair magnificent ... feet two, and as strong-minded as a ... swims great distances even in the late ...dilches and rides as easily as a country ...eless Ethel, who loses her pocket book ... His wedding present to his bride would ...e wouldn't let her wear furs in summer

Photograph by Carl Sloan

PAUL SWANN in dress differs from all the others seen on this page in frankly admitting that he is dead ill at. "But why bother about that?" he inquires. "And he would dressed than a New York and the extremely croquet-player are nothing to my small daughter—for she'll make every thing." Print the style of collar allowed by Mr. Swann she would never guess. But he considers he uses a hygienic lesson were acquired following the plow on the Swann farm somewhere in Nebraska. Yet we is this fatal fact we redress another handsome man's secrets from

General

KID McCOY is dead. All the ... Roy Fernandez married ... well when a terrible thing happened. ... he was tried the handsomest man in the right profile. Although he went to a dentist hoping to get his nose moved a little bit to make room for his square front teeth it didn't do any good. The Universal movies forced a beauty prize on him. Her findings show that Roy is a fellow who can intimidate a waiter and bawl out a traffic cop as well as any. But goldberg, he nudge of the century, said he chose Roy Mercaine he had a face she could look with red flannel underwear. With a collapsible chin and protruding ears, I actually pictured him as waiting in circles where men smoke pipes, get shaved, and everything."

UL MEN

...What the Man Is Wearing," about ... will ... wear near Cordova Leather ... air for fifteen years, on the Job ...betimes keeping all of ... hree plays ...rella Man" he used to entertain a ... a week. Need anything more be ...ing prop."

General

THIS kind of handsome man is usually to be found at a reception leaned against a velvet portiere and hanging on to his eye-glass ribbon. Débutantes old an duty cannot to "take him down a bit," those good-looking boys are always so conceited. Poor fellow, he is probably only there to please his wife to whom he is deeply devoted. He would give anything to be at home with his drawing-board and his blue-prints. As to the portiere, he has been working too hard to learn the new dances. Rupert Julian, for instance, is a Boer War veteran, and one of the heaviest heavies in Universal City.

Keystone

SOMERSET ever neither melancholy eyebrows, an intense profile. Fortune-tellers go out of their way to warn girls against this type of man. "He will hint vaguely of suicide and constantly mention his wife that no woman has ever understood him," they say. Yet they would have bothered. No girl would be in when he called. She would be out conscientiously with some crooked moustached rival. Yet Crane Wilbur is a practical, unassuming young man, fond of Kipling and Bret Harte and never forgetting his young niece's birthday

HOW THEY STARTED

IT [illegible] dependent [illegible] make a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] something [illegible] made [illegible] [illegible] small scale [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] St[illegible] [illegible] the apprentice of a [illegible] [illegible] he worked [illegible] [illegible] were raised [illegible] [illegible] small. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] him [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] were begging [illegible] his public [illegible] [illegible] asked him [illegible] design [illegible].

S[illegible] HENRY M[illegible]RT[illegible]N STANLEY began as a [illegible] [illegible] in a Welsh workhouse [illegible] [illegible] looking forward [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] run away [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he shipped himself [illegible] New Orleans as a [illegible]. There he met a [illegible] H. M. Stanley, for whose sake he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] After Stanley found [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Darkest Africa. He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] turned completely white.

© [illegible] Brothers

[illegible]

W[illegible] [illegible] Bull [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Then [illegible] started [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] coming [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] began [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] building [illegible].

RUSSELL SAGE who worked on his father's farm, must have started saving on his first Sunday-school [illegible] [illegible] because when he was [illegible] [illegible] he had $35 [illegible] [illegible] in his [illegible] book. As errand-boy in a grocery store in Troy, New York, he got his board and four dollars a month. When he died, he left one hundred million dollars' worth of railroad securities.

AT the age when most boys [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a fireman or a policeman, Theodore Thomas was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] the violin [illegible] [illegible]. When [illegible] [illegible] long enough [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and in a few months he had a remarkable power of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Then he [illegible] [illegible] "The wonderful [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of his stick [illegible] [illegible] the galleries, [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and two hundred musicians in dress suits freeze "A tention!"

Photograph by [illegible]

L[illegible]Y N[illegible]RT[illegible]N'S home town was [illegible] in Maine, and her father and mother sang in the church [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] daughter had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and instrumental in her [illegible]. She became Madame Nordica, an opera star. [illegible] folks [illegible] her [illegible] her name [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thought it was disgraceful for any daughter of [illegible] to sing on the stage.

© [illegible]

SAM[illegible]EL CLEM[illegible]ENS' only advantages were [illegible] [illegible] orange hair and a drawl. [illegible] from grammar school [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he became a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] newspaper [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Though a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mark Twain [illegible] way of saying "[illegible] [illegible]."

Continued from page 10

[illegible] a bit "So you've met her too [illegible]? Pshaw Pete, I never thought you'd lose your head over any girl enough to make her a big present like that on such short acquaintance. She must have seen some attractiv[e]"

"She was," says Pete. "I blush to admit it, but I'd done most anything for her [illegible]. She had some of the most [illegible] and she sure used [illegible] thing just naturally [illegible] big blue eyes over the muzzle of that big blue gun, and it struck me that presents would be mighty acceptable. Wouldn't you have felt that way yourself, sheriff?"

"[illegible]" says the sheriff, "I would."

And beyond that he wouldn't say much about the matter except that he and the Dude had separated in order to cover more ground, and he didn't know what had become of Dee since and didn't give a [d]arnation. He was [illegible] as had Tobe [illegible]. I suggested that probably he didn't understand women, and how they'd ought to have stuck together, so one could grab her while the other was interesting her in [illegible].

THAT girl was sure spending a busy little afternoon, for just before dark [illegible] Dee, and he'd also succeeded in finding the lady without accomplishing anything much to be proud about. It looked as if she wasn't so empty-handed to keep under cover, and willing to accommodate most anybody who happened to come out hunting for her. [I] could have done a big business that night with the local talent over the bar if I [hadn't] been possessed with a sort of [illegible] sense of humor. The sight of [illegible] held up in one day by one poor little defenseless woman bandit just naturally struck me [as] funny, and remarks to that effect kept slipping into my conversation, no matter how hard I tried to be sympathetic for the sake of trade. The little things I'd learned about women through my marriage-and-divorce experience kept [illegible] in my mind and often, before I'd [illegible] mentioned [illegible] ... proper any, but somehow I [illegible].

I carried the thing too far at that and they rose up and combined against [me] and broke three chairs putting me out of my own saloon, after which they proceeded to lock and rob me out [illegible] long as there seemed nothing else to do. I went over to Lane's room at the hotel and went to bed. I was good and sore myself by that time, for it [illegible] ... he crowd called on [illegible] was also expected.

"Look here," says the sheriff. "Bygones is bygones, but certain aspersions which you have cast upon our reputations come nigh to rankle. Moreover, there was as we recollect a few words as to how you with your superior knowledge of things feminine, could have handled matters a [litt]le better from what we was doing yesterday. We don't aim to be aggressive, but we've called as a committee to request [illegible] if you [illegible] only original woman-tamer that ever hit Burro Flats, now's your chance. And we don't want to hurry you any, but [we] think it might be healthier for you to [start] pretty prompt."

Far from being surprised at this invitation, it was just about what I had [illegible] be expected.

"My friends," says I [illegible], "it grieves me to see you [illegible] it necessary to come [illegible] request. You should have realized that I intended to stand by you in this hour of [illegible] and would not hesitate to go [illegible] for your protection. I would have saved you yesterday, but I did not want to interfere with your own sweet self-confidence. All I need now is a bit of breakfast before I start. And I earnestly ask you all to keep together while I'm gone, and if possible find some safe place and hide out in it, so that I can have the satisfaction of knowing that you'll be all right in case she should sneak back on me on the [illegible] and come to town hunting for [illegible] advantage of my [illegible].

[illegible] worry any about missing her," says [illegible] Thomas came [i]n just now and says she camped right by Eagle Rock, and is there yet. I don't know how long she'll stay, but I guess you'll have [illegible] hurry up about [illegible].

[Th]is information that she was still on [illegible] kind of flustered me for a [illegible] for one of [illegible] brave one of [illegible] that since she'd [illegible] up so well yesterday she'd probably be hunting new fields of activity by the time I got out [illegible] for her. I'd lost quite an appetite for breakfast before [illegible] seem to care for. But I did manage to eat a lot for it meant delay and needless [h]urry. I felt that all hope of meeting her wasn't gone yet. There's lots of room to roam around all day in the hills without going anywhere near Eagle Rock.

I dragged breakfast out as long as I could without seeming to do it, but [it] came to an end at last, as all things will, and there remained nothing to do but start. So I got on my horse [and] started.

FROM Burro Flats the road is visible for a mile and a half, so I kept strictly [to] the road for that distance. Just out of sight of the town the trail to Eagle Rock branches off to the right, and right there was where I turned sharp to the left. And I hadn't gone five hundred yards in that direction when a woman on horseback appeared suddenly in the trail, with a handkerchief mask pulled over her face [illegible] ... [illegible] and requested [illegible] hands.

[illegible] put up my hands. And I gave a sigh of relief, for it had come at last as I had been dreading it would, and I was glad to get over the uncertainty of it, which was making me a nervous wreck. Now it had happened, it would soon [be] the same as breakfast.

Her next command was to lower my left hand and drop off my gun-belt and ride away ten yards. I did so, and she rode up and collected the gun. I then was made to get off my horse and turn all my pockets inside out, emptying the contents in a pile on a rock. They didn't make much of a show, and I was tempted to apologize a little.

"You see, ma'am," I says, "I'm on my way to the station, and there's such a mighty rough outfit hangs out there I always leave most of my jewelry locked up in the safe at the saloon."

I wanted to get in that about the safe in the saloon, thinking it might deter her if she thought of robbing Burro Flats [illegible] ... knew I'd made a mistake.

"That is," I adds, "the men are a tough outfit. There isn't a woman in these parts I wouldn't do anything for."

And then I felt I must be getting a little red as to the face, my actions not making such a remark necessary.

"Can the chatter," says the lady behind the gun, "and take off your boots."

This command seemed so out of the ordinary that I didn't hasten to obey it, as I had the others, but tried to argue her out of it. I hadn't been particular in my choice of socks that morning, and likely as not they were chock-full of holes.

"I swear to you, ma'am," says I, "on my honor as a gentleman that every cent I've got with me is right there on that rock. I've never carried money in my boot yet and I haven't tried to slip any [in] while you've been [illegible] the remainder."

"Perhaps you didn't hear me," she says softly, passing the aim of her gun carelessly over my body. "I says to take off your boots."

"Yes, ma'am," says I. And I sat down and pulled 'em off.

"That's better," says she. "Now skip round that bunch of scrub oak and take off all your clothes, and toss them out to me."

"What?" says I, and I knew I'd just [illegible] beginning to blush before. "Take off all my clothes?"

"You heard me right," says she. "And hurry up about [it, I c]an't [wait] all day."

"But," says I, without moving, "I'm a married man, and—"

"Well," she snaps, "what's that got to do with it? I need those clothes of yours, and I need 'em quick. Jump!"

I jumped this time, but she [illegible] ... says she. "Take your [illegible]."

"It's a good watch," says I. "You can have it. I don't want it."

"You take that watch!" she commands. There was a certain tone to that voice I recognized from old Missouri days, and I took the watch with me, just as she said.

I WAS pretty well out of sight behind the bushes, and I might have sneaked [off] [illegible] for all the sharp rocks [illegible]. I realized now why she had made me leave my shoes before I disappeared.

"Don't try to pike," [illegible] from the other side. So I didn't. I took off everything, and did 'em up in a bundle, and tossed 'em over to her.

"Now," says she, when she got the clothes, "there's another clump of bushes a hundred yards due north of here. You count off thirty minutes on that watch of yours, and not a second less, and then you travel over to that clump. You may find your shoes. But no kind of particular you don't start for half an hour."

[illegible] open my watch and waited there [i]n the sun as she said, naked as a skunk. I gave her thirty-two minutes for good measure, to make sure I wasn't getting any on the other side, and then I pecked on.

She wasn't anywhere around, and neither was my horse. But her horse was still standing there, saddled, and I was thankful to see that, at least I wouldn't have to walk back to camp. She'd told me where I might find my shoes, and I picked my way over there. I figured she'd rather [illegible].

I FOUND my shoes all right. And beside them I found a whole woman's outfit of clothes, a handkerchief mask and an imitation gun roughly cut out of a piece of [wood], quite neat and blackened with fire, which I recognized as the article that had [illegible] defeat me so deadly a short time [illegible] ... was mighty particular with my skin by this time, not being accustomed to travel in it with such little personal adornment, and if I didn't get under [cover] soon, I knew I'd blister. Being as how the only practical cover at hand was that pile of woman's clothes, and as [illegible] my feelings couldn't [illegible] ... sorted 'em out the best I could and got [illegible].

[illegible] fitted better than I expected. I knew the woman had looked large, but I'd sort of blamed it to the magnifying effect of fear, knowing how the human eye is apt to exaggerate when you're feeling thinly. There weren't but two or three places where the buttons wouldn't [illegible] I felt pretty tolerably well [illegible]. But I certainly was up against [illegible] ... The [illegible]

"'Can the chatter,' says the lady behind the gun, 'and take off your boots.'"

to [illegible] ride back to Burro Flats in full daylight looking the way I did. Life with [illegible] hard enough under ordinary circumstances, and if I came in wearing the clothes of the young lady I'd started out to capture it was doubtful if they would ever get over it. One glimpse of me in my new outfit would give them material for about three years of conversation. I was acquainted with that crowd, and knew that nothing short of death would shut them up; and I hated to kill that many.

There not being any other place I could go, I decided I'd have to stay out [illegible] hide till dark and then make [illegible] sogonian me, so I took it along [illegible] ook that [illegible] wooden gun. [illegible] know it looked mean enough to afford considerable protection.

I [illegible] more secluded country [illegible] lookout from every [illegible] man on a horse. I didn't think he'd seen me, but I couldn't be sure; and I was worrying a little over it, when all of a sudden I got an idea.

It wouldn't be any fun waiting out there all day without even tobacco, and then I ran a big risk of being discovered when I came in, Burro Flats being accustomed to occasional all-night poker sessions in the saloon. So why not change suits with that fellow on the horse, and let him do the worrying? Of course it might be one of the same crowd who'd already been held up, but that wasn't likely, it being reasonable to expect that they'd had enough for a while and wouldn't be traveling this vicinity today.

But, even if it was, and they knew by my voice and build I wasn't the same lady they'd met before, there'd been nothing to prove there weren't two women bandits on the job, and I might get away [illegible].

I was pretty desperate, and decided from the way the play came up to take a chance anyhow.

[illegible] was going and started down the bed of an arroyo [illegible] put on the handkerchief mask. I met him as I expected, though a little sudden, happening to come on him as I rounded a bend.

It was Sheriff Tom Pratt. I'd rather [illegible] been the sheriff, but it [illegible] down now [illegible] the front [illegible] always [illegible]

"Lower your left hand and drop off [illegible]"

"Sorry [illegible]"

"Fine [illegible] but I didn't recognize you [illegible]. Pile off that horse and take off your boots."

"My boots?" says he, looking surprised. "You don't really want my boots? I never saw a girl with a daintier-looking foot and ankle than your [illegible] in thunder can you want [illegible] boots?"

"Never mind my feet and [illegible] I trying to hide them under my skirt. "You get off that horse and take off your boots. I don't want to have to ask you [illegible]."

"Oh, very well," says he, and started do it.

HE'D got one off when a rope from behind settled gently over my shoulders and pinned my arms to my sides, jerking me out of the saddle and jarring the female bandit's sofa [illegible] gun out of my hand.

I looked round, and there was Doc [illegible], and Waco and Pete.

[illegible] says the sheriff. "Old Uncle Jack was sure right this time. Attract her attention with some pleasing compliments and tie her from behind. How about it, sister?"

"Don't sister me," [illegible] make em. "You let [illegible]

[illegible] been getting [illegible] one bet if [illegible] met before."

[illegible] she didn't sound just like old Uncle Jack, I never heard [illegible]

"Well, look here, will you just [illegible] as Uncle Jack?"

The others gathered around and began looking at me in a sort of sorrowful silence.

[illegible] choked [illegible] here's my [illegible] yesterday."

[illegible] knowing them so well must [illegible] hold of the missing three [illegible] those clothes he's got on used to belong to the Pousseau of Mrs. W[illegible] Missouri."

"He's sure a sly one," says Waco, "but funny he should give us the tip as to how to catch him. He's probably got his pants rolled up under that skirt full of money and guns. We'd better frisk him."

THEY frisked me, and there was more conversation when they didn't find my pants.

They wanted to know where I'd hid my clothes and loot, and just looked and [illegible]. They tied me on my horse and led me back to Burro Flats, complimenting me on the way I'd fooled them when they thought I was in the saloon all the time, and otherwise entertaining me during the [illegible]

[illegible]

"Shall we give her a drink?" says he. She looks a little [illegible] as if she was needing one."

"I don't mind [illegible]" says the sheriff. [illegible] I was still new [illegible] [illegible] tended not to know [illegible] he got the drop on me, [illegible] noticed it later. You give him a drink if you want to."

They discussed it a while, and finally poured me out a good jolt. I knocked it on the floor with my chin when [illegible] passed it to me, though [illegible] the drink [illegible]

RIGHT after that in walked Ed Tobey [illegible] Ed," says the [illegible] Go over [illegible] as if he was puzzled.

"He ain't the one," says he at last. [illegible] They caught the one who'd held me up over at Chato this morning with [illegible] clothes and the goods on him, she having been a disguised man likewise. How'd you come to be wearing that outfit, Uncle Jack?" I passed it on to Pete Peters."

"That's so," says Pete, as if he'd just remembered something. "You did that little thing. Then the sheriff came along [illegible] a while for me, so [illegible] needing one when I [illegible]

"I guess it is," says Waco, "though I [illegible] him have [illegible]

The dress had gone the rounds, and I'd come at the end of the day, and failed to pass it on to the sheriff because he wouldn't stand for repeating.

Whereupon [illegible] Uncle Jack [illegible] evening were just as usually on the house.

When France Saved America

T[illegible] French have been proving to us that they are the most substantial, most earnest people in Europe, capable of a nobler consecration than any other.

Yet how many Americans have consciously revised their old unflattering [illegible] of the French? How many [illegible]

When the French [illegible] port bringing to Washington the [illegible] turned the balance in his favor [illegible] regarded with great suspicion by the people they had come to help.

Strange Ideas About the French

"THE old-time prejudice kept up by the English," wrote Mathieu Dumas in his "Souvenirs," "was so strong that, at the beginning of the Revolution, the most [illegible] minds, and several among those who most desired independence, rejected the idea of an alliance with France."

[illegible] This considered them as groaning under the yoke of despotism, a prey to superstition [illegible] frizzing their hair and painting their faces, without faith or morals."

William Channing, father of the philanthropist, and one of the most cultured [illegible] colonies confides to the president of Yale University his surprise, after visiting the French, at finding them to be real, life-sized men.

"They are a fine body of men and appear to be well officered," he writes. "Neither the officers nor men are the effeminate beings we were heretofore taught to believe them."

A Debt We Haven't Paid

EVEN Washington, needing help so terribly as he did, received the French with many misgivings. He had fought against them with the British in the French and Indian wars, and it was not until many months had passed, in close contact with them in camp, that he came to refer to them in his diary as "our generous allies."

Few Americans realize that it was really France's aid that won the Revolution for America, and we as a nation have never made any adequate avowal of our debt.

In all history there is no more fascinating reading than the story of Beaumarchais, the brilliant French writer and ardent friend of liberty.

The government of France could not openly aid England's rebels, so Beaumarchais, under the name of a mythical firm, "Hortalez & Company," busied himself with shipping arms and ammunition to us, fitting out one ship after another.

Many of the cannon and other supplies bore the stamp of the French government and were secretly slipped out of French arsenals; but whenever the English Ambassador protested, the Prime Minister would solemnly respond that the government had no knowledge whatever of these pernicious activities. Beaumarchais would be summoned on to the carpet and roundly censured with a wink. Whereupon he would hasten away to fit out another ship.

The colonists agreed to send the [illegible] back to France loaded with tobacco and other products, so that Beaumarchais might be reimbursed and enabled to continue the shipments. To our lasting shame, we not only did not send the cargoes we had promised, but we never paid Beaumarchais in any way. He died a bankrupt, having spent his entire fortune in our cause. Only after many years did his heirs receive from a grudging Congress a partial payment of the huge sums Beaumarchais had spent for our help.

Getting Recruits for the Revolution

WASHINGTON realized, even if his colleagues did not, that the Revolution could never be won except by the aid of sea power. It was the French fleet, as well as the aid of the French armies, that forced the surrender at Yorktown.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that recruits to the army were not much more easily secured in the Revolution than they are to-day. Here is a recruiting poster much used to lure men into Washington's ill-clothed and half-starved army:

> To all brave, healthy, able-bodied and well-disposed young men in this neighborhood, who have any inclination to join the troops now raising under General Washington for the defense of the liberties and independence of the United States, you are offered a truly liberal and generous encouragement, namely, a bounty of twelve dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome clothing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provision, together with sixty dollars a year in gold and silver money on account of pay.

The generous offer concludes with a mention of

> the great advantages which these brave men will have who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honorable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which he may, if he pleases, return home to his friends with his pockets full of money and his head covered with laurels. God save the United States.

[The quotations above are from a new book by Ambassador Jusserand, published by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. It is called "With Americans of Past and Present Days," and is the most interesting book I have read this week. THE EDITOR.]

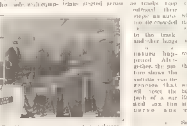
WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

THE MAKING OF A MOTORMAN ROOKIE

THE good old days when a motorman [illegible] or profession [illegible] over. With [illegible] traffic [illegible] downtown streets, the [illegible] ideal was too great.

In order to teach the motorman rookie the various tricks of his trade, with equipment that would avoid accidents of all types, large rooms fitted with a variety [illegible] appliances have been set [illegible] in many of the central car barns. Here the novice has explained to him the mysterious inner workings of the street car which he will navigate through the [illegible] [illegible] only [illegible] sary for this [illegible] actual models, full sizes are used.



Brooklyn motormen are not given a chance to commit homicide with real street cars. Sections of cars in an instruction room teach them to fondle the levers, oh, so gently.

Brooklyn, New York, has the most elaborately equipped motorman's school in America, which means in the world. The [illegible] a section of [illegible] C[illegible] supervision and [illegible] placed in his charge. Since Mr. Clark's [illegible] in the large central car [illegible] inaugurated, the number of [illegible] accidents has fallen off remarkably. [illegible] puts his motorman students through a seven course of technical instruction, theoretical and practical. Before they step on the front [illegible] of a real car they know a great deal about its complicated working. They are taught to regard [illegible] with the expert [illegible] ally who [illegible] cars they run their intelligently.

[illegible] is most instructive device makes use of the motion picture screen. A camera was mounted on the front platform of a moving street car. Pedestrians started across the tracks, trap[illegible] mounted their steps, an auto[illegible] mobile crowded [illegible] to the track and other things [illegible] nature happened. Altogether, the picture shows the various emergencies that will meet the path of a car and tax the nerve and [illegible]

When the picture was made an expert [illegible] [illegible] picture on a screen [illegible] are on dummy controller and [illegible] brake handles, which [illegible] similar paper ribbon as the picture on [illegible] he has manipulated his [illegible] the charts [illegible] quickly weeds out [illegible] candidate [illegible] wide of the mark [illegible] he has an opportunity [illegible] with the aid of a runaway street c[illegible]

THE HORSE THAT CAME BACK

IF Black Beauty went to the happy [illegible] where all good horses go, where [illegible] then Old Faithful who has cured more children of diphtheria [illegible] all of your fingers [illegible] a compact [illegible]

Old Faithful has earned a record all of her own. She is an anti-diphtheria horse. Of course the children are fond of h[illegible]

deserves a large, grassy plot in the center of that heavenly pasture.

Old Faithful is a sleek black horse that was taken off the pay-roll of the New York Street Cleaning Department when she began to manifest certain signs of advancing age. She went into the discard for better or for worse, on January 20, 191[illegible]. She grazed in sunny pastures, and her years dropped from her shoulders. Thereupon she went to [illegible]ville, where she became a member of the Department of Health. A horse became a member of the Department of Health? Ridiculous! Was just a minute.

Old Faithful went to work manufacturing a sure cure for diphtheria. This is the manner in which she was employed. First of all, the diphtheria germs are cultivated. They thrive best in broth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid. The dead germs settle on the bottom and the clear broth [illegible] [illegible]h of this liquid to kill five thousand guinea pigs. They are given in doses at intervals for two months [illegible] watch [illegible] their [illegible] and Old Faithful is especially [illegible] works only nine months in [illegible] toxin producer. The [illegible] away as her fancy di[illegible]

PUTTING THE SUN TO WORK

You can fry an egg on a hot sidewalk. Why not put the sun to work driving an engine? That is what this machine does.

OUT in the heart of Death Valley [illegible] You can do more than [illegible] With a little more patience [illegible] you can brew for yourself a cup of steaming tea. In [illegible] with sunlight and a [illegible] a boy can turn his motor [illegible]

why then, asks Waldemar Kaempffert in the *Popular* [illegible]

The idea of putting the sun to work is not new. John Ericsson, the [illegible] of the *Monitor*, tried more than once to harness the sun. After [illegible] engine he declared that "the scheme is impracticable on account of the high cost of the necessary apparatus." Ericsson was ridiculed then, just as the men who are trying to harness the sun are being ridiculed now.

On the banks of the Nile, where the Sahara comes down to meet the river, an American, Frank Schuman, has erected a queer looking apparatus that [illegible] word in science upon the equally queer task of extracting work from the sun. He has put [illegible] poses. The strangest part of his invention is that he runs a steam engine with [illegible] water. To be exact, he employs [illegible] water nearly to the boiling point [illegible] he uses is different from [illegible] instead of going [illegible] exhausting [illegible] the [illegible] carried to higher elevation. Steam at low pressure leaves the collecting tank and is used to drive a specially designed engine.

WANT TO BUY A CHUNK OF MILK?

THE [illegible] frozen solid.

Fish are piled up in stacks like [illegible] cord wood, but [illegible] of fowl are similarly frozen and [illegible] animals brought into the market are propped up on their legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as [illegible] goes through the markets one seems to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, [illegible] and fowls standing up.

But stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block [illegible] this way with a string or stick frozen [illegible] projecting from [illegible]. This, it is said, is for the convenience of the purchaser, who is thus enabled to carry his milk by the string or stick itself.

SHORT AND INTERESTING

AN [illegible] airship corporation in Berlin wishes, after the war, to establish an aërial post service between Berlin and Constantinople. If that proves successful a passenger line will be established. A capital of $6,000,000 is estimated as necessary. —*Railway Age Gazette*

IF the plans of the Cuban Telephone Company mature, telephoning to Cuba will become a reality in the near future. The company has just sold $2,400,000 in convertible bonds [illegible] fray the expenses of cable laying from Key West to Havana.

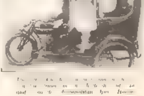
—*Commerce and Fin[illegible]*

W[illegible] [illegible] this out of [illegible] as near [illegible] miles out, [illegible] helping, also, to [illegible] life more agreeable [illegible] plete gasoline power units, [illegible] light thirty-25 [illegible] [illegible] are now sold for $[illegible]. —*Machinery.*

HER DAD IS THE CHAUFFEUR

ALICE NEUMAN, aged six, has arrived at that enormous point in her [illegible] career where one's salary makes it possible for one to roll around in a $10,000 car. Yes, she has a [illegible] of her own, and her dad acts as chauffeur.

Alice is probably the youngest [illegible] of the Metropolitan ballet, and as befits such a dainty-toed young creature, her father designed for her a town car. What difference does it make if [illegible] was made out of a motorcycle? No prima donna or princess of blue blood [illegible] pomp. It boasts such [illegible] tinted upholstering, electric lights [illegible] Alice can step in [illegible] door for both of the [illegible] and work.



[illegible]

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

WHY WOMEN TALK MORE THAN MEN

The next time, O Clarence, you think of that bright retort an hour late, blame it on your vocal cords.

W[illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible]

Wrong, says an article in the [illegible] York Sun. A German professor [illegible] his simple explanation. The [illegible] cords of a high-voiced person are near [illegible]

[illegible] self. [illegible]

SWIM IN YOUR OWN BATH TUB

TAKI[illegible] night dread [illegible] abit. But it should be an indoor sport, says [illegible]

[illegible] a half coconut for [illegible] water over their [illegible]

Reader, do you [illegible] only way to get in these [illegible] affairs. Slide along the bath bottom [illegible] back. [illegible] illusion, you slowly float across the tub. It will take only a few seconds, but it seems minutes, and you feel as though you were traveling yards. Ah!" mourns the great swimmer, "how few enjoy the most delightful of all natatory feats!"

SCULPTURING LIVING FACES

M[illegible] longer look like [illegible] frequency of [illegible] is due [illegible] trench fighting, where the head is exposed, and to the use of shells and shrapnel, which make ragged [illegible] instead of clean bullet holes.

[illegible] part of the face has been restored [illegible] aluminum, copper, rubber, [illegible] celluloid.

[illegible] Tribune describes a successful case of face restoration at Talence: [illegible] side of his face [illegible] away, cheek-bone [illegible] other parts were lost.

The [illegible] jaw was supplied by a piece of bone from the soldier's arm. A cut was made in the arm, the bone exposed, cut half way through, and a section of it lifted up. This was riveted to the ends of the jaw-bone in place of the missing section. The arm was bound in position, and left there until the union took place. Then the section of the arm was sawed away and the arm wound closed. A flap of tissue was raised from the neck [illegible] by pegs to [illegible] man's head [illegible]

"When he is quite well, further improvements will be made by the use of spectacles and a beard."

[illegible] Derwent Wood is the [illegible] faces which are made for the wounded when the upper part of the face is gone. With the [illegible] photographs of what the patient looked like before being wounded, Lieutenant Wood constructs the missing features out of silvered copper, and then skillfully paints the mask to match the surrounding complexion.

The number of amputations in war hospitals grows less with this development of human carpentry among surgeons. Legs are lengthened and shortened, bullet holes are plugged with the patient's own flesh, paralyzed nerves have been supplanted with the healthy nerves from the amputated leg of another patient. "Every[illegible]" Among four thousand patients at Herbert Hospital in London, there have been only twenty-five primary amputations.

NO DINING-CARS IN CHINA

IN China, railway officials, prospective passengers, and benevolent bystanders unite to explain [illegible] self-respecting [illegible] ride third-class. When you [illegible] they take the money for your [illegible] with scorn, with scorn point out the proper car, with scorn make room for you on your [illegible].

How he scandalized the natives by riding third-class from Hankow to Peking is told by Carroll K. Michener in Travel. In spite of [illegible] with openings for windows and benches for seats, he was repaid for his fall in social status by those differences from America that make the charm of foreign travel.

In America, Weary Willy risks his life on the [illegible], and when he is caught is kicked off without compunction. The Weary Wing Lee, on the other hand, is a "cringing, helpless, resourceless dog," [illegible] of the car and gets [illegible]

[illegible] cigarette if she be young.

[illegible] At each stop few little boys clad only in their tea-colored [illegible] sell you hot water, so you may make your own tea. From other vendors you purchase hot sweetmeat dough balls with a surprise of sausages inside, boiled eggs, a fifteen-inch [illegible] green and cool, rice cakes, apricots, baked melon seeds, and tea—all for the sum of seven [illegible].

It pays to ride third-class.

WHAT A RUSSIAN THINKS OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THIS is why we laugh at Charlie Cha[illegible] [illegible] laugh a lot. They enjoy simple jokes and simple games."

[illegible] close."

But the Russian is chiefly impressed with Charlie's prodigious salary.

ARE THERE NO MORE STARVING POETS?

Photographed by Paul Thompson

What is this poor thing at [illegible] Zan[illegible] and other Americans and [illegible] to [illegible] from [illegible] use the 25 cents a line limit for verse

WH[illegible] work is promising and offer him a hundred [illegible] Cobb gets $ 500?" He forgets that Irvin Cobb did not always get $1500.

[illegible] poetry aloud and talking about poetry [illegible]

Mr. Towne blames the moving pictures. You find producing companies, he says, [illegible] a thousand dollars for a [illegible] page scenario. [illegible] the young author sets out to write a two-thousand-dollar scenario, and anything less [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Towne [illegible] on. "They write [illegible] much and think too much [illegible] get for their poems. [illegible] school of [illegible] poems of [illegible] three words [illegible] the rate of fifty cents a line."

Perhaps poets have to resort to these tricks because magazines do not pay enough for verse. But Mr. Towne [illegible]

Mr. T[illegible] which all recognized talent shall be paid an annuity. The question is, who will do the recognizing?

IS VENUS INHABITED?

V[illegible] ...ody cold. Not too cold to make vapour and cloud, but enough to precipitate no moisture from the seas and deposit it as ice on the dark hemisphere. Under the laws of gravity and [illegible] if Venus is ...

...ed that life would be possible. The water would evaporate too rapidly to flow far into the arid land, but would be carried in gases and pumped from the valleys into the higher desert lands. The marks on Venus, which scientists used to think were canals caused by the sun, might be a gigantic pumping system just as the marks on Mars are now supposed to be canals.

Assuming, then as Professor [illegible] does, that these marks are parts of an irrigation system, you must believe a human mind dwells on the planet and as Venus is deeper in the sun a cleverer head, you must believe it. Professor Serviss says that their electric force is far greater than that of man on earth.

...ndly adds a pair of wings to the equa...

Venus turns one face always toward the sun, just as the moon turns one face always to the earth. Therefore the sunless face of Venus must be an arid desert, while the face turned toward dark ...

THE MAN WHO MESMERIZED EUROPE

N[illegible] ...ur eighteenth century ... James Braid, a Manchester surgeon, put his wife to sleep by ...

It was Dr Braid, who discovered that patients in this state of suggestion, suggestibleness could be induced to almost anything. That was but one of many years later in France, that Dr Charcot brought the science of hypnotism ...

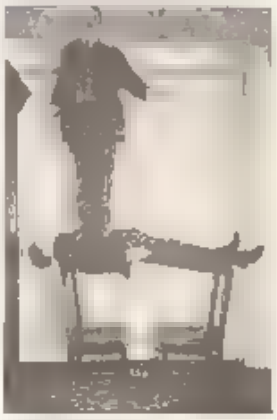
The place it occupies to-day ...

Hypnotism, in one form or another is as old as the Pyramids. But it remained for Frederick-Anton the Mesmer, that tall and scandal wasted of the eighteenth century to popularize the science. Mesmer read a paper in which he explained how the sun, moon and stars acted on the human body by means of a subtle force called animal magnetism. Para...

...ous Mesmer with his mysterious new theory and his engaging personality swept the capital off its French heels ... circles," adverse to Lavender silks and ...

...says the Philadelphia *Ledger* a sort of ...wood cylinder into which rich clients entered after depositing a generous admission fee. The patients sat in darkness and each held a tube with which he ...ctedly. No part of the ... he wished to treat. In the ... Mesmer, an imposing figure in his wonderful robes.

When Mesmer became tired of the ... the use of high-pow...



The man that invented this popular parlor amusement was offered $4000 a year and a knighthood. He refused them both and lived to regret it

...hour all over the continent he asked Queen Marie Antoinette to give him a ...dicous sum $3,000,000, ... he could ... parents free of charge ... bill a tough ... offer. He ...calculated a fortune more than 300,000 francs, but luxury corrupted him and he died a pauper ... the age of eighty-one.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE ANIMAL

O[illegible] ...all wood... ...animal ... wanting and yet the most resentful looking," says ...raised [illegible] of the ... on the ... There ... ...feel themselves duly ... it is a joy to gaze ...

No wonder the 2nd Horse used the Dormouse for a tea-ball. He is so round and warm and soft.

No wonder the dormouse looks comfortable. The ... ...cuddle that fluffy ... ball with its dark eyes. When ... ...cold or the winter comes on with its scarcity of food, the dormouse disposes of the heat-and-rest problem by going to sleep until times are better. As soon as the atmosphere grows warmer ... awakens ... rounds up some five or six of insects for a dinner ... a den hollowed from a neighbor's coop, and finishes its repast with freshly gathered ... ... windows ... pull ... of mild ... a shower if a day or a night.

It is said to be fatal to warm and wake ... ... it have never had the heart to try the experiment.

ARE YOUR TELEPHONE MANNERS GOOD?

ARE you a gentleman over the ... phone or an inquiring ... First Tele... ...dvises ... ... managers, you higher-up.

"It is you we want to hear answer the ... ...phone as if you were talking to a human being ... ... There is just a ... ...that sound of the people calling you up and not doing it to waste your time or to ... ...s read. They may wish to do something for you."

... ...en seem to feel that affability ... ... and efficiency are only for the ... ...leonard girls who ... ... the writer ... ... and quite ... But one ... a probable reason occurred to me. He does a great deal of business over the telephone and he has the perfect telephone ... manner. When he says ... ... and ... ...either out.

Minding your telephone p's and q's is a ... ... try to be ... ... after it ...

ECONOMICAL WILLIE

Mr McIntosh the doctor who has And an urgent call in the middle of the night. Aye, doctor man, I'm sorry we ca'd ye on such a rovvial job Ye see, we thocht wee Wullie had swallow'd a leaf-screw, but my wife has been rootin' up her sleevges, ... he only a penny

NEWARK HAS FOUND HER POET

N[illegible] ...our south largest city in ... States. It is fo... ...factures of leather ... ...tion celluloid collars ... sleeve plackets, ... Hughes for tons ... the almanac ...

...ion, you ... ...

One Half Former Prices

[illegible] factory facilities for [illegible] electric motors and washers economically enables us to offer you the Guaranteed

ARNOLD Electric Washer

[illegible] the Safety Foot Pedal [illegible]

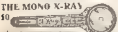
Our 30 Days Trial Offer

Arnold Electric Co. 1416 W. [illegible]

Send This Coupon

[illegible]

THE MONO X-RAY



[illegible]

"Accidents" By Frank C. Bostock

[illegible] happens.

The [illegible] women and children [illegible] lights flame [illegible] through their [illegible] applause follows each [illegible] applause. People have grown [illegible] of circus fare [illegible] you hear them say to [illegible] spirits are broken.

[illegible] of the lions has refused to go on with h[is] part. He throws himself back on his haunches, snarling. He creeps forward, [illegible] to prevent a jagged gash in her arm.

A Slight Accident

K[illegible]

[illegible] Century Co[illegible]

"One night in Buffalo an admirer had [illegible] a bouquet of red roses, she carried into the arena for her performance with the lions. At first glance the [illegible] sweep of his paw [illegible] struck her cheek. The [illegible] Pianka [illegible] flowers from her. She was just in time, for every one of the lions pounced upon [illegible] prize, and finally removed [illegible] waited passively for their [illegible]

[illegible] left [illegible]

[illegible] slipped, and in trying [illegible] one of his claws entangled in his master's leg. The tiger was innocent, but his keen claws had penetrated through the stiff [illegible]

[illegible] else whip. The [illegible] his nose reflectively and seemed to [be] trying to think what it meant. The trainer, who had grown rigid with fear [illegible]

[illegible] his whip toward the lion. The beast, [in]stead of taking his cue, gathered himself [illegible] sprang [illegible] at the [illegible] [immedi]ately, the man had seen the danger signals, for while a tiger [illegible] always does, and had leaped aside with such agility that [illegible]

Dangerous Playfulness

S[illegible] accidents occur through the playfulness of the animals. I was once in the training school with a [illegible] of lions at Indianapolis. Young W[illegible]

[illegible] that he had [illegible] blood—two things which always have bad effects on animals."

[illegible] H. Moore, President [illegible] [Subscription] price [illegible] $1.25. Foreign countries, $1.50. [illegible] under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DEAF?

I Have 265,000 DEAF FRIENDS!

[illegible] even in every detail, and I again invite every person hard of hearing to try the

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[illegible]

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WE ACCEPT SCRIPTS IN ANY form [illegible] sell on commission. [illegible] Write us now. Writer's Service [illegible]

The Triflers

Continued from page 7

want to do for him. I'd like to lay down my own life for him."

She stopped as abruptly as she had begun, staring about like some one suddenly awakened to find herself in a strange country.

"Peter," she cried, "you shouldn't have listened!"

She shrank back toward the door.

"And I," said Peter slowly—"I thought just kisses on the eyes stood for love."

"You must forget all I said," she moaned. "I was mad—for a moment!"

"You were wonderful," he told her.

She was backing toward the door.

"I'm going off to hide," she said piteously.

"Not that," he called after her.

But the door closed in front of him. With his lips clenched, Peter Noyes walked back to the Hôtel des Roses.

WHEN Peter stepped into his sister's room he had forgotten that his eyes were open.

"Beatrice," he said, "we must start back for New York as soon as possible."

She sprang from her chair.

"Peter!" she cried.

"What's the trouble?"

"Your eyes!"

"They came back this morning."

"Then I was right! Marjory—Marjory worked the miracle!"

He smiled a little. "Yes."

"It's wonderful. But, Peter—"

"Well?"

"You look so strange—so pale!"

"It's been—well, rather an exciting experience."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You should have brought the miracle-worker with you," she smiled.

"And instead of that I'm leaving her."

"Leaving Marjory—after this?"

"Sit down, little sister," he begged. "A great deal has happened this morning—a great deal that I'm afraid it's going to be hard for you to understand. It was hard for me to understand at first. You see, you—both of us—made an extraordinary mistake. We—we assumed that Marjory was free."

"Free? Of course she's free!"

"Only she's not," Peter informed her. "As a matter of fact, she's married."

"Marjory—married!"

"To Covington. She's Covington's wife. They were married a few weeks ago in Paris. You understand? She's Covington's wife."

His voice had risen a trifle.

"Peter—you're sure of that?"

"She told me so herself—less than an hour ago."

"That's impossible. Why, she listened to me when—"

"When what?" he cut in.

Frightened, she clasped her hands beneath her chin. His eyes demanded a reply.

"I—I told her what the doctors told me. Don't look at me so, Peter!"

"You tried to win her sympathy for me?"

"They told me if you stopped worrying your sight would come back. I told her that, Peter."

"You told her more?"

"That if she could love you— Oh, I couldn't help it!"

"So that is why she listened to you; why she listened to me. You begged for her pity, and—she gave it. I thought at least I could leave her with my head up."

Peter's head was bowed. He looked crushed. Throwing herself upon her knees in front of him, Beatrice reached for his clasped hands.

"I did the best I knew!" she moaned.

"Yes," he answered dully; "you did that. Every one has done that. Only—nothing should have been done at all. Nothing can ever be done."

"You—you forgive me, Peter?"

"Yes."

But his voice had no meaning.

"It may all be for the best," she ran on, anxious to revive him. "We'll go back to New York, Peter—you and I. Perhaps you'll let me stay with you there. We'll get a little apartment together, so that I can care for you. I'll do that all the days of my life, if you'll let me."

"I want a better fate than that for you, little sister," he answered.

Rising, he helped her to her feet.

"If I can believe there is something still left in life for me, I must believe there is a great deal more left for you. Only we must get away from here."

"You have your eyes, Peter," she exclaimed exultingly. "She can't take those away from you again!"

"Hush," he warned. "You must never blame her for anything."

"You mean you still—"

"Still and forever, little sister," he answered. "But we must not talk of that."

"Poor Peter," she trembled.

"Rich Peter!" he corrected, with a wan smile. "There are so many who haven't as much as that."

He went back to his room. The next thing to do was to write some sort of explanation to Covington. His eyes burned as he thought of the other letter he had sent. How it must have lured into the mist! How it must have hurt! But Covington was not the only one hurt by it.

He could not recant his love. That would be false. But he had no right to it: that was what he must make Covington understand—and without violating any of Marjory's confidences.

DEAR COVINGTON [he began]: I am writing this with my eyes open. The miracle I spoke of came to pass. Also a great many other things have come to pass. You'll realize how hard it is to write about them, after that other letter, when I tell you I have learned the truth: that Marjory is Mrs. Covington.

I feel, naturally, as if I owed you some sort of apology; and yet, when I come to frame it I find myself baffled. Of course I'm leaving for home as soon as possible—probably to-morrow. Of course if I had known the truth I should have left long ago, and that letter would never have had any occasion for being written.

I'm assuming, Covington, that you will believe that without any question. You know what I did not know, and did not tell me even after you knew how I felt. I suppose you felt so confident of her that you trusted her absolutely to handle an affair of this sort herself.

I want to say right here, you were justified. Whatever in that other letter I may have said to lead you to believe she had come to care for me in the slightest was a result solely of my own self-delusion and her innate gentleness.

I have discovered that my sister, meaning no harm, went to her and told her that the restoration of my sight depended upon her interest in me. It was manifestly unfair of my sister to put it that way, but the little woman was thinking only of me. I'm sorry it was done. Evidently that was the basis upon which Marjory made the feeble promise I spoke of, and which I exaggerated into something more.

She cared for me no more than for a friend temporarily afflicted. That's all, Covington. Neither in word nor thought nor deed has she ever gone any further. Looking back upon the last few days now, it is clear enough. Rather than hurt me, she allowed me to talk—allowed me to believe. Rather, she suffered it. It was not pleasant for her. She endured it because of what my sister had said. It seems hard luck that I should have been led in this fashion to add to whatever other burdens she may have had.

I ask you to believe—it would be an impertinence, except for what I told you before—that, on her side, there has been nothing between us of which you could not approve.

Now for myself. In the light of what I know to-day, I could not have written you of her as I did. Yet, had I remained silent, all I said would have remained just as much God's truth as then. Though I must admit the utter hopelessness of my love, I see no reason why I should think of attempting to deny that love. It wouldn't be decent to myself, to you, or to her. It began before you came into her life at all. It has grown bigger and deeper since then. It persists to-day. I'm talking to you as man to man, Covington. I know you won't confuse that statement with any desire on my part—with any hope, however remote—to see that love fulfilled further than it is fulfilled to-day. That delusion has vanished forever. I shall never entertain it again, no matter what course your destiny or her destiny may take. I can not make that emphatic enough, Covington. It is based upon a certain knowledge of facts which, unfortunately, I am not at liberty to reveal to you.

So, as far as my own emotions are concerned, I retract nothing of what I told you. In fact, to-day I could say more. To me she is and ever will be the most wonderful woman who ever lived. Thinking of you before, I said there ought to be two of her, so that one might be left for you. Now, thinking of myself, I would to God there were two of her, so that one might be left for me. Yet that is inconceivable. It might be possible to find another who looked like her; who thought like her; who was willing for the big things of life like her. But this other would not be Marjory. Besides everything else she has in common with other women, she has something all her own that makes her herself. It's that something that has got hold of me, Covington.

I don't suppose it's in particular good taste for me to talk to you of your wife in this fashion; but it's my dying speech,

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old man, as far as this subject is concerned, and I'm talking to you and to no one else.

I'm going away, Covington. That will leave her here alone. Wherever you are, there must be trains back to Nice—starting perhaps within the hour.

So long.

PETER J. NOYES.

WITH the departure of Peter and his sister—Peter had made his leave-taking easy by securing an earlier train than she expected and sending her a brief note of farewell—Marjory found herself near that ideal state of perfect freedom she had craved. There was now no outside influence to check her movements. If she remained where she was, there was no one to interrupt her in the solitary pursuit of her own pleasure. Safe from any possibility of intrusion, she was at liberty to remain in the seclusion of her room; but, if she preferred, she could walk the quay without the slightest prospect in the world of being forced to recognize the friendly greeting of any one.

Peter was gone; Beatrice was gone; and Monte was gone. There was no one else—unless by some chance poor Teddy Hamilton should turn up, which was so unlikely that she did not even consider it. Yet there were moments when, if she had met Teddy, she would have smiled a welcome. She would not have feared him. There was only one person in the world now of whom she stood in fear, and he was somewhere along the English coast, playing a poor game of golf.

She was free beyond her most extravagant dreams—absolutely free. She was so free that it seemed aimless to rise in the morning, because there was nothing awaiting her attention. She was so free that there was no object in breakfasting, because there was no obligation demanding her strength. She was so free that whether she should go out or remain indoors depended merely upon the whim of the moment. There was for her nothing either without or within.

FOR the first twenty-four hours she sat in a sort of stupor. Marie became anxious.

"Madame is not well?" she asked.

"Perfectly well," answered Marjory dully.

"Madame's cheeks are very white," Marie ventured further.

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Is there any harm in that?" she demanded.

"It is such a beautiful day to walk," suggested Marie.

Marjory turned slowly.

"What do you mean by beautiful?"

"*Ma foi,* the sky is blue, the sun is shining, the birds singing," explained Marie.

"Do those things make a beautiful day?"

"What else, madame?" inquired the maid, in astonishment.

"I do not know," sighed madame. "All I know is that for me those things do not count at all."

"Then," declared Marie, "it is time to call a doctor."

"For what?"

"To make madame see the blue sky again and hear the birds."

"But I do not care whether I see them or not," concluded madame, turning away from the subject.

Here was the whole thing in a nutshell. There were some who might consider this to be an ideal state. Not to care about anything at all was not to have anything at all to worry about. Certain philosophies were based upon this state of mind. In part, Monte's own philosophy was so based. If not to earn too much were well, then not to care at all should be better. It should leave one utterly and sublimely free. But should it also leave one utterly miserable?

There was something inconsistent in that—something unfair. To be free, and yet to feel like a prisoner bound and gagged; not to care, and yet to feel one's vitals eaten with caring; to obtain one's objective, and then to be marooned there like a forsaken sailor on a desert island—this was unjust.

ALL, but she did care! It was as if some portion of her refused absolutely to obey her will in this matter. In silence she might declare her determination not to care, or through tense lips she might mutter the same thing in spoken words; but this made no difference. She was a free agent, to be sure. She had the right to dictate terms to herself. She had the sole right to be arbiter of her destiny. It was to that end she had craved freedom.

It was for her alone to decide about what she should care and should not care. She was no longer a school-girl to be controlled by others. She was both judge and jury for herself, and she had passed sentence to the effect that, since she had chosen not to care when to care had been her privilege, it was no longer her privilege to care when she chose to care. Nothing since then had developed to give her the right to alter that verdict. If anything, it had truer after Peter's departure than before. She must add to her indictment the harm she had done him.

Still, she cared. Staring out of her window upon the quay, she caught her breath at sight of every new passer-by, in fearful hope that it might prove to be Monte. She did this when she knew that Monte was hundreds of miles away. She did this in face of the fact that, if his coming depended upon her consent, she would have withheld that consent. If in truth he had suddenly appeared, she would have fled in terror. He must not come; he should not come—but, oh God, if he would come!

Sometimes this thought held her for a moment before she realized it. Then for a space the sun appeared in the blue sky and the birds set up such a singing as Marie had never heard in all her life. Perhaps for a step or two she saw him striding toward her with his face aglow, his clear blue eyes smiling, his tender man-mouth open to greet her. So her heart leaped to her throat and her arms trembled. Then—the fall into the abyss as she caught herself. Then her head drooping upon her arm and the racking dry sobs.

How she did care! It was as if everything she had ever hungered for in the past—all her beautiful, timid girlhood dreams; all that good part of her later hunger for freedom; all of to-day and all that was worth while of the days to come—had been gathered together, like jewels in a single jewel casket, and handed over to him. He had them all. None had been left her. She had none left.

She had always known that if ever she loved it was so she must love. It was this she had feared. She had known that if she gave at all she must give utterly—all that she ever had or hoped to have. Suddenly she recalled Mrs. Chie. It was with a new emotion. The latter had always been to her the symbol of complete self-sacrifice. It centered around the night Chie, Jr., was born. That night she had been paler than Mrs. Chie herself; she had whimpered more than Mrs. Chie. Outside, waiting, she had feared more than the wife within who was wrestling with death for a new life. She had sat alone, with her hands over her ears, in an agony of fear and horror. She had marveled that any woman would consent to face such a crisis. It had seemed wrong that love—an affair of orange blossoms and music and laughter—should lead to that. Wide-eyed, she had sobbed in terror until it was over. It was with awe and wonder that a few days later she had seen Mrs. Chie lying in her big white bed so crooningly happy and jubilant.

Now she understood. The fear and horror had vanished. Had she been in the next room to-day, her heart would have leaped with joy in tune with her who was fighting her grim fight. Because the aches and the pains are but an incident of preparation. Not only that, but one can so love that pain, physical pain, may in the end be the only means for an adequate expression of that love. The two may be one, so blended as to lead, in the end, to perfect joy. Even mental pains such as she herself now suffered can do that. For all she was undergoing she would not have given up one second to be back again where she was a month before.

SOMETHING comes with love. It is that more than love itself which is the greatest thing in the world. Sitting by her window, watching the shadows pass, Marjory was sensing this. The knowledge was coming slowly, imperceptibly; but it was bringing her strength. It was steadying her nerves. It was preparing her for the supreme test.

Because that very day, toward sunset time, as she still sat by her window, she saw a shadow that looked like Monte. She smiled a little, because she knew it would soon dissolve. Rapidly the shadow strode along the quay until opposite the hotel. Then, instead of vanishing, it came on—straight toward her. She sprang to her feet, leaning back against the wall, not daring to look again. So she stood, counting her heart-beats; for she was still certain that when a hundred or so of them had passed the illusion also would have faded.

To be continued next week

Why Has My Stock Declined?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Why is Great Northern first preferred constantly descending in the scale? I bought a few shares ten years ago at 117. Should I keep it longer? *A. D. L.*, Washington, D.C.

IF one glances at the record of prices of this well known railroad stock since 1905, the showing is most astonishing. The high prices, by years to date, have been (leaving out fractions) 348, 189, 148, 137, 143, 140, 143, 132, 134, 128, and 127. The low prices have been 178, 107, 113, 130, 118, 110, 126, 115, 111, 113, and 116. Where will the decline stop?

The Great Northern Railway is one of the best managed and one of the richer railroads of this country. All the genius of James J. Hill was lavished upon the property, and he took a closer, more personal interest in it than in any other railroad with which he was connected. It runs through a rich and growing country, possessing opportunities for development beyond the dreams of avarice. The management of the company has been able, both in the technical railroad sense and also in its financial acumen, honesty, and conservatism. The railroad has never been run from Wall Street, and regular dividends have been paid for many years, 7 per cent. since 1898. Few railroads have a more moderate bonded debt ahead of the stock, or a simpler financial structure. It has been a common saying that no one trusted stockholders better than Jim Hill. Why, then, has the stock fallen?

To avoid possible misunderstandings it should be pointed out that there is only one class of stock, preferred (not first preferred) by name, but in reality common stock.

Just why the stock has fallen is not an easy or simple question to solve. One

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reason has to do with the fact that all railroads, and especially Great Northern, paid various *extra* dividends, either in the form of stock in other companies or "rights" to new stock, about ten years ago, and that conditions are no longer favorable for distributing large *extra* profits. But most railroad stocks have fallen, and perhaps for more general reasons. Ten years ago was the boom period for railroad stocks, just as the present is the great boom period for copper, zinc, munitions, shipping, oil, automobile, and many other industrial and mining issues. Railroad shares seemed to have the same speculative possibilities in 1905 and 1906 as the happiest of the wardbirdes have to-day.

Hill and Harriman were engaged in mortal combat. One could never tell how high or how low they would drive the price of a stock. Once they sent Northern Pacific up to $1000 a share. There were other great railroad kings, and all of them were fighting one another and either boosting or depressing their own and others' stock.

It was the day of "stock" dividends, extra "melons" of all sorts, mergers, excitement, and change in general in the railroad field. Speculators fed on dreams of giant mergers. Hill and Harriman both put through several great deals; but finally Harriman killed himself from overwork and Hill grew old.

Day of Railroad Kings Past

NOW the day of giant railroad mergers and railroad kings like Harriman is over. Hill himself is dead. Giants of finance no longer play with railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission and almost fifty State railroad commissions won't let them. Gradually men see ahead, perhaps far and nearly all reluctantly, the specter of government ownership. Gradually, through government regulation at least, private opportunity for big speculative profits, almost private ownership itself, is being squeezed out of railroads. Bonds and stocks of these concerns are becoming simply uninteresting investments, perhaps later on to become a form of government-guaranteed obligation, with deadedly limited profits. At present railroad profits are limited by government; but they are not guaranteed against loss.

This, in the main, is the reason why Great Northern and other railroad stocks have fallen. Speculation has practically ceased. All the railroad stocks have moved upward in the last year because of increased earnings, and they may go higher; but no one expects that Great Northern will ever go to nearly 600 again.

Perhaps Great Northern has dropped more than some others because it was pushed abnormally high in the mad speculative era of 1905. There is no space in this article to describe just why that happened; but any one who remembers the inflated period of which I speak will recall the many reasons that then seemed so good for pushing up these railroad stocks, and especially the Hill issues, to absurd heights—just as many arguments seem so convincing now for expecting a continued rise in certain "war" stocks, the popular counters of speculation of ten years later.

Great Northern Stock To-Day

THE decline in Great Northern reflects little, if at all, upon the inherent merit of that property both ten years ago and to-day. Its net earnings this year have increased about $7,000,000. Its dividend of 7 per cent. is much more than earned. Whether the man in Washington, D. C., who made the inquiry, should sell his stock depends upon why he still owns it. Does he want speculative opportunities or a regular dividend? He already has had 7 per cent. in dividends upon his investment, and the rate of return has been just short of 6 per cent. a year on the purchase price, which is excellent for a period of ten years, especially considering the fact that he could have many, many times sold the stock for more than he paid for it and could to-day sell it for almost exactly the price he paid.

Certainly no reasonable person could ask for a better investment than that! I do not know how much Great Northern will rise or fall in the future. If the present abnormal prosperity continues, it may go up quite a little. But big speculative profits, such as existed in railroads ten years ago or as exist in other classes of stocks to-day, seem out of the question. On the other hand, Great Northern should be able to pay fair-sized dividends about as long as any railroad in the country.

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